

86  
The Virgin Widow.  
A  
COMEDIE.

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Written by FRA. QUARLES.

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CLAUDIAN.

*Virginis & vidue sunt rara trophæa pudica,  
Nec miranda satis spectantibus—*

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The second Edition.

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LONDON,  
Printed for R. ROYSTON at the Angel in  
Ivie-lane. 1656.

The Virgin Widow.

COMEDIE.

Written by FRA. QUARRER.

As it was acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Monday, the 14th of December, 1754.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:  
Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

1755.  
Sold by A. HARRISON, at the Angel in Fish-street.

## The Stationer to the Reader.

**H**is Enterlude, to sweeten the  
brackish distempers of a deluded  
age, is here (courteous Reader)  
to thy judicious view freely offered:  
having been sometimes at Chelsey private-  
ly Acted (by a company of young Gentle-  
men) with good approvement. The Au-  
thor, whose Divine Works have sufficient-  
ly proclaimed his Abilities, may give thee as-  
surance of finding in it, wit, worth, and well-  
season'd mirth. Invention to quicken Con-  
cept; Disposition to beautifie Art.

It is confest, that this Dramatick Poem  
was Mr. QUARLES his very first Assay  
in that kind: yet shalt thou collect by this  
Piece, that he knew as well to be delightfully  
facetious, as divinely serious.

Thy Friend to serve thee,

# *The Actors Names.*

EVALDUS	The King.
AUGUSTA	The Queene.
BELLARMO	} The Kings three sonnes.
PALLADIUS.	
MUSEUS	
ARTESIO	A Doctor of Physick.
ROSIA	} Artesio's three daughters.
KETTREENA	
MARINA	
PERTENAX	} Husband to { Kettreena, Rosia, Marina.
FORMIDON	
COMODUS	
LACTUSIA	A Nurse.
QUACK	Artesio's Apothecarie.
QUISQUILLA	Quacks wife.
QUIBLE.	Quacks Man.
PHONILLA	} The Queens Maids.
TRIPPIT	
MADGE	} Chambermaids.
CIS	
FRANK	A Falconer.
ANTONY	A head Drawer.
GLISTERPIPE	Artesio's Boy.

*Two Pages, and Officers.*



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## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Formidon. Comodus.*

*For.* **C** *Omodus*, What eye did ere till now behold  
Folly and madnesse acted to the life?  
*Co.* I wonder *Formidon*, the King could bear  
Such sawcy passion with so cleer a brow.

*For.* His wisdom knew that *Pertenax* was far  
Too mean a subject for his discontent.  
And rather look'd upon his crack-brain'd words  
With princely eyes of pity then revenge.

*Com.* Such frantick tearmes without the priviledge  
Of fool or mad-man would have easily rais'd  
Billowes of fury in the calmest breast,  
And heav'd a well hang'd patience off her hinge.

*For.* Nay, to be basely rude in such a place,  
*Artesio's* house, whose roof the King was pleas'd  
To honour with his presence ———

*Com.* Nay worse, at such a time when he was pleas'd to lend  
Free reins to mirth, and to suspend those cares  
That claime such interest in th' Imperiall brow.

*For.* Nay, when his fair acceptance crown'd the Feast  
Of glad *Artesio*, with his princely thanks;  
Nay, when his royall hand had newly laid  
The Sword upon his shoulders, and receiv'd him  
Into the glorious Order of a Knight,  
Then to break out into such baseness thus —

*Com.* What mov'd him to't?

*For.* Nay, he were wise could tell:  
I saw no cause at all.

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*Com.* Unlessse it were  
Some jealous qualme arising from a kisse  
Too hardly printed on *Ketirena's* lip  
By way of welcom to her Ladyship.

*For.* That might well be, for 'twas no sooner done  
But he (not far to seek for passion  
Or terms to vent it) brake into this fury,  
And being choak'd with choler, left the room:  
Whereat his new-made Lady pale as Death  
(No stranger to his passion) wink'd me out  
To follow him.

*Com.* I mark'd that passage well,  
And reading rhe dumb message in her eye  
Writ in pale characters, I quit the room  
To feel his Pulse; whom if I chance to spie  
He read a lecture to him.

*For.* So will I.

*exennt.*

*Sir Perienax.*

*Pert.* Were he as many Kings as he has Subjects to abuse, I'de not endur't. Come, the plaine truth is, I don't like it, so I don't, nor should I spare him had he been a King of Gold: What? should I stood like a fool to be his shooing-horne to draw a paire of horns upon my head, and turn Pander to his lickerish kisses, while he wipes my mouth with a cod-piece Knight-hood? I'le hang first. Let him bestow his honour with a vengeance upon those that hold ira good pen'worth on such tearmes: For my part, I like it not. Have I liv'd these thrice thirtie years, to be caught with Chasse? *Ketirena* must be a Lady fortooth, to be more capable of his princely lust. And *Perienax* must be dubb'd, and gain the glorious attribute of a right worshipfull Cuckold. Come, these are baits to catch young birds with, and honorable mists to blind ambitious fools with. His politique Majesty has taken a wrong Sow by th' eare. I'm none of those that for a smile can play the royall Pander, nor like a temporizing Wittold can help my wanton Prince into the Saddle, or hold his stirrop. Did I not mark the lustful progress of his lascivious glances? And how his ugly rowling eyes shot fire-brands at *Ketirena's* face? how every word was garnish'd with a wanton smile,

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smile, and still presented to *Kettreena's* care. | His antick gestures, crouchets, congies, cringes, complements, and all directed to *Kettreena* | while she like a well-disciplin'd Curtezian could counterfeit a modesty, against her conscience, to whet his lust into an appetite; and like a coy dissembling bride, could sit and mince it, and inwardly rejoyce to think of future times. ——— But see they come; I'll stand aside and watch.

*Evaldus* leading *Kettreena*, *Artesio*, *Formidou*, *Comodus*,  
*Rosia*, *Marina*.

*Evald.* *Artesio*, we shall study to requite  
Thy bounteous entertainment, and whilst we  
Possesse th'Imperiall Crown, be confident  
Thou hast a friend at Court. Come *Kettreena*,  
Chear up: W're pleas'd to set thy Husbands rudenesse  
Upon the score of Age, the Advocate  
Of all infirmity.

*Kett.* Most gracious Prince,  
The strength of your known wisdoms does appear  
More eminent in his weaknesse.

*Pert.* A courtly Whore!

*Kett.* And his extream defects.  
Are by your goodnesse grationssly supply'd.

*Pert.* An ignominious Whore!

*Kett.* For which *Kettreena*,  
As duty binds, shall with a gratefull heart.  
Lie prostrate at your feet.

*Pert.* A prostrate Whore!

*Kett.* And alwayes active to discharge that score  
Of your high favours.

*Pert.* Hey! an active Whore!

*Evald.* Enough *Kettreena*; thy fair merits give  
Breath to our favours, and make virtue live.

*Manent Roscia, & Marina.*

*Ros.* I, let them go: Sister, we are too course  
For their respects.

*Ma.* Methinks we meerly serve  
Like worthlesse Cyphers to encrease a number.

*Exeunt*

*Ros.*

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*Ros.* Or like odde money in a Taylors Bill  
Only to be abated : Let them go.

*Ma.* But yet methinks 'tis odde, that all the trumps  
Should lie in fair *Kettreena's* hand, and none  
In ours.

*Ros.* Come, kissing goes by favour; Let her go  
With her fair Game.

*Ma.* But that which vext me most,  
The foolish King had nothing else to say  
But I was like my Father, when he knowes  
Comparisons are odious.

*Ros.* Nay worse,  
His Complement to me was this, That I  
Bore my years well; As good h'ad call'd me old,  
A word far more injurious then Whore.  
Beare my years well? What is there in this face  
To merit such a Complement?

[ looks in her Glasse.

*Ma.* I like my Father? though I say't,  
I scorn't.

*Ros.* My brow's not wrinkled.

*Ma.* These my Fathers eyes?

*Ros.* My teeth all sound.

*Ma.* My fathers lips like these?

*Ros.* Cheeks plump enough.

*Ma.* Is this my Fathers haire?

*Ros.* Eyes quick and clear.

*Ma.* Was h'ever half so faire?

*Ros.* A double chin! What Symptons can he gather  
Of Age?

*Ma.* Or what resemblance of my Father?

*Ros.* What secret Beauty lurks there in *Kettreena*  
That is ecclip'd in *Rosina*?

*Ma.* Or *Marina*?

*Ros.* True, She's snout-faire; yet by her favour I  
Would scarce turn tables with her, though I say't.

*Ma.* She has a courtly tongue, to breed delight.  
She has a husband too; that is a Knight.

*Ros.*

*Ros.* Had he not been the King, he should have known  
That I was sensible of his affront.

*Ma.* King, or no King, my ready fingers itch'd  
To scratch revenge on's face: I like my Father!

*Ros.* And yet our valiant Husbands could stand by  
And heare all this, and yet make no reply.  
When *Pertenax* impatient of disgrace,  
Could nose the King, and beard him to his face.

*Ma.* Husbands! Husbands of Clouts.

*Ros.* But, as for mine,  
I'll ring his ears a peal of discipline.

*Ma.* I'll act my part; and if *Marina* fails,  
Let me want fingers, or these fingers nails.

[*Exeunt.*

*Artelio. Quack.*

*Art.* Then let everlasting health be entayl'd upon the sons of  
men, and let the curse of a strong constitution fall upon man-kind,  
if I dis-card thee not: Away, avoid my sight; must I thus squander  
out my pretious howers, and wast my wakefull night to turn Baud  
to a hundred Marks, and connive at these your avaritious Mur-  
thers? Away, thine eyes are Basilisks, and dart venom at me too  
strong for Antidotes to resist.

*Quack.* 'Twas but once or twice six moneths, good Doctor be  
appeased.

*Art.* Appeased! My fury hath no cares; my boyling gall  
breathes up such fumes of bitterneffe into my crazy braines, that  
there is left no place for patience to repose.

*Quack.* I thought so faithfull a servant as I might have deserv'd  
one life among so many Patients, to put me into a new Suit of ap-  
parel, against Easter, without so much adoe.

*Art.* Slave! shall you first be serv'd or I? who gave you leave to  
send my Patients to the shades of death without my licence! How  
durst you be so bold to snatch my well-dealt cards out of my skilfull  
hand, whilst I was studious to contrive and make the best advan-  
tage to my self?

*Quack.* He could not by nature have liv'd much longer, Sir, I did  
but save neighbouring death a labour.

*Art.* What tellst thou me of nature? Is not the Patent mine?

B

Have

Have not I power to produce the twine of fraile mortality, in spite of death, or nature? Cannot I lengthen out the groaning dayes of transitory flesh, or cut them short according to my pleasure and advantage?

*Quack.* Good Sir, All this I know.

*Art.* Why, varlet, then durst you presume to stop the gainfull practises which I intended? When as the saplesse stock could thrust no further Branches forth, worthy our notice, you might then by permission, done your will upon upon him for your best advantage: When we had taken the first crop of his exuberous baggs, you might have then made bold to eate the Rowens; Till then your insolence exceeded our Commission. Had he been born to swim against the streame of fortune, or tortur'd in the stubborn schools, of daring resolution: or had his hide-bound purse prefer'd his sacred wealth before the lingring hopes of costly health — But thus to ravish from our thriving hand a man of Fortunes, one that desir'd to take up life at Interest, nay to buy his languishment at so profuse a Rate, denies all thought of patience. Away, Avant, be gone;

No more *Artesso's* Servant now.

Bad be those Drivers that unhorse the Plough.

*Exit.*

*Quack.* Is it even so? *Quack's* thread is fairly spun,

*Quack* may go home again, his market's done.

*Sir Pertenax.* *Formidon.*

*Pert.* Is there never a Statute throughout the Volumes of the Law, that tolerates a man to hang himself?

*For.* If there were, it was repeal'd in the next King's Reigne, for a great inconvenience that grew upon't.

*Pert.* the more's the pity: To my thinking it were a very fine, harmless exercise.

*For.* Why there's a custome for't, for those that will seek the Rolls, and have such Wives as I with *Cornelius* his motion in her mouth.

*Pert.* Come, you are happy, the disease lies at that end; I would, my Baggage would speak till her heart ake, so she did lesse.

*For.* Fie *Pertenax*, wrong not sweet innocence so much. Had but the Starrs been pleas'd, would our Wives had been like our Indentures

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dentures, made enterchangeable: *Comodus* and I pick'd out both the vices, and left the Vertue for you. Never could any but *Artesio* that by art can alter his constitution as he lists, been Father to three such different Daughters. *Marina* vents her spirit by the nayles, my *Rosia*, hers by tongue; and *Ketreena* hers by Tears: which like fluent Orators, plead a soft heart, a sweet nature, and a high spirit qualified with a mild discretion, and a harsh husband.

*Pert.* Every one knows best where his shooe wrings him: Shee's mild enough, and that the King knows, I fear to my cost.

*For.* And though I say't before thy face, shee's fitter for a King then such a testy fool. But who comes here? *Comodus*.

Enter *Comodus* with a night-cap, and a scratch'd face.

*Com.* From Harpies nayles, from Furies whips,  
From all sharp noses and thin lips;  
From two-legg'd Cats with thrice nine lives,  
From scalding wort, from scolding Wives,  
From foul-mouth'd blasts, from female blowes,  
From smooth-fac'd Sluts, from sharp-nail'd Shrowes;  
From wounds t'infect, from Plagues t'infect me,  
My Genius bleß, my Stars protect me.

*For.* Now *Comodus*, what means this desperation?  
What Fury has posselt thee? What strange fit  
Usurps thy patience, and beclouds thy brow?  
What means this strange *Melisia* in thin eyes?  
Who rais'd this storm? Has Age or wedlock lent thee  
This sickly Night-cap? Tell us whats the cause  
Of this dull change?

*Com.* I have a Reason for't.

*For.* I fear, I fear, some Oeconomick fire  
Hath late been kindled: Tell us what's the cause  
Of these sad looks? *Com.* I have Reason for't.

*For.* Disclose it then: Come, if the Bile be ripe  
'Tis best to launce it: A revealed grief  
Invites to cure, lies open to relief.

*Com.* He that can still the Thunder, or asswage  
The flames of sulphurous *Aetna*, or command  
The hideous powers of infernall Spirits



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Resolve for vengeance, he, and only he  
 Can cure my grief: *Marina's* louder tongue  
 Out-rores the Thunder, and her flaming eyes  
 Out-scorches *Atina*: Her impetuous rage  
 Out-devils the whole Academe of Hell.

*Pert.* Blowes the wind there away?

What ayles thy face?

*Com.* 'Twas lately harrow'd with her Harpy nailes.

*Pert.* Why didst not pare them then?

Why didst not stop her viperous mouth?

Why didst not drive those troupes of Devils

From her stormy tongue?

*Com.* Bid me go snatch a daring Thunderbolt,  
 Or twi-fork'd lightning from the hand of *Jove*:

Bid me go stop the flowing Tides, or stay

A singing Bullet in her middle way:

Bid me go tame a Dragon; or restrain

The Armes of Furies bent to high revenge,

This were an easie taske; nay, easier far

To slack hels flames, then quench *Marina's* rage.

*For.* Nay, then thy case is desperate, farewell. *Exit.*

*Com.* Who findes a Shrew, need fear no other hell. *Exit.*

*Pert.* Such Devils may be tam'd; But when the Ram  
 Begins to butt, ô there's both Devil, and Dam. *Exit.*

*Augusta, Phonilla, Trippit.*

*Aug.* But *Trippit*, is this certain?

*Trip.* Yes as sure

Madam, as fame can make it: 'Tis the voice  
 Of the whole Court, whisper'd from ear to ear.

*Pho.* Madam, let not your easie faith relie  
 Too much upon the voice of babling fame;  
 The Court is grown so vain, that it beholds  
 All in extreams, and it ownes nothing good  
 But what it censures evill.

*Aug.* There's no smoake

Without some fire: Report must have some ground.

*Trip.* Nay Madam, it is gone so far, that they

Stick



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Stick not to stile her by the name of Queen.

*Aug.* That's far enough a conscience, but I hope  
The faire *Kettren* will be pleas'd to stay  
Till we resigne, or die.

*Pho.* Madam, believe it not,  
The Court is too censorious, and will tax  
The innocency of a very smile:  
They weigh our reputations with the scales  
Of their own loose conceits, and our good Names,  
Though were to faire, must be allow'd by them,  
Or given for light.

*Aug.* But is she stiled Queen?

*Pho.* Yes, by that frantick fool, old *Pertenax*  
Her jealous Husband, whose malignant eye  
Reads rank Adultery in a harmlesse smile,  
And construes friendly mirth, and faire deportment  
No lesse then Whoredome, and a crime that's fit  
To suffer an Aspect more grim then death.

*Trip.* Such looks as his are sowre enough to fright  
*Diana* from her chastity: And who  
Ere canoniz'd *Kettreena* for a Saint,  
Or took the King for more then flesh and blood?

*Aug.* There's something in the wind, that here of late  
The King is more estrang'd in his behaviour  
Then he was wont; His language more reserv'd;  
His thoughts so various, that an easie eye  
May read some alteration in his brest,  
I fear, I am wrong'd.

*Pho.* Madam, let not such thoughts  
Possesse your fancy, or disturb your peace:  
*Ewaldus* is a Prince too noble, and too just  
To be surpriz'd by any eyes, but yours,  
The only stars whereby his fortunes sayle.

*Aug.* But has he Knighted *Pertenax*?

*Trip.* Yes Madam,  
And whispering joy in his new Ladies eare,  
He seal'd it with a kiss, which *Pertenax*

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Could not digest, but strait-brake out in flames  
At old *Artesio's* House, where he was late  
Received as a self-invited Guest.

*Aug.* 'Twas kindly done. *Evaldus* has his end;  
Fire will want heat, when beauty lacks a friend.

*Exeunt.*

*Eval: Bellar: Pallad: Musseus, Artesio, Formidon,  
Comodus, Ketreena.*

*Evald.* Let's hear no more on't.

Come, sheath up your swords,  
And as ye love my quiet and your own,  
Let's heare no more on't. What? have I three sons,  
And nere a wise one? Ye are both to blame  
To raise such Tumults, and to sow these seeds  
Of factious discords in our settled State.  
Away! Each one to his Command: For you  
*Bellar*io, and *Pallad*ius, we shall find  
A speedy way to let you understand  
Whose is the Birth-right; and since the pleased Fates  
Have made so little difference betwixt you  
By your twin-birth, in your Aspects and marks,  
Doe you the like in your united hearts  
Till time and our best care shall bring to light  
Our true Successor in our doubtfull throne  
Stand both contented, And let your contentions  
Find out no object, but obedience.

And you *Musseus*, whose unrivall'd thoughts  
Have pitcht their Territories, far more safe  
Where you enjoy more happiness, more rest  
Then he that wept for want of Worlds to win,  
Whose boundless limits, and more vast confines  
Extend from th'Artick to th'Antartick Pole,  
And in the Closet of thy Contemplation,  
Canst sit and blow new Worlds like bubbles; then  
Demolish and dissolve them at thy pleasure,  
Advise thy factious Brothers: Let them know  
That birth-right which they strive for can but make

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A King at best, and fill their Armes with Ayre;  
Their Lives with dangers, and their Crown with care.

*Mus.* Sir,  
Ple do my best t'advise.

*Bel. & Pal.* And we t'obey. *Bell.* Crownes are too great,

*Pal.* For breath to blow away. *Exeunt Bell. & Pal.*

*Evald.* *Artesio*, say, what discontents have rais'd  
These clouds, that over-cast thy chearfull brow,  
And make sad weather in *Kettreena's* face?

*Art.* My age, most gracious Sovereigne can expect  
Small sun-shine in this World: My wasted years  
Find little relish in these worldly toyes.

*Evald.* Chear up *Artesio*, If our favours can  
Quicken thy joyes, and make thy times more sweet,  
Thou shalt not want them; we shall bend our care  
For thy advancement, and thy childrens good.  
But say, *Artesio*, what disafterous evill  
Hath stamp't thy looks with these late sad impressions?  
*Kettreena*, tell me, for thine eye appears  
An equall sharer in thy silent tears?

*Ket.* Most ex'lent Prince, my Fathers tender care  
And dear affection, looking on my merits  
With multiplying Glasses, and conceiving  
All happinesse too little for my heart,  
Thinks (though perchance without just ground) that I  
Receive not those sweet comforts, that should spring  
From the blest bounty of conjugall love:  
But I lesse conscious of my own deserts,  
Complaine not of my fortunes; but joy, rather  
To find the sweet indulgence of a Father.

*Art.* O that these cursed fingers had been struck  
With a dead palsie when I tied that knot,  
And these gold-blinded eyes, when they survey'd  
His vast possessions, had been stricken blind:  
Poore Girle!

*Eval.* But how can *Pertinax* devise  
To wrong such patience? On what just ground

Can

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Can he pretend to build the least distaff ?

*For.* Upon her noted vertue, by which light  
His ugly vices doe appear more bright.

*Com.* Which then reflecting on his conscious soule  
Affrights him into madness, who, enrag'd  
Flies in the very face of all desert.

*Evald.* Well, good *Artesio*, what's not past our help  
Shall be redrest : We'l paliate the disease  
We cannot cure, and with our favours strive  
To hide the wrinkles of curst Fortunes brow.  
In which respects, *Artesio*, we are pleas'd  
To make thee our chief Doctor to attend  
On our own Person; likewise for the trust  
Repos'd in thy fidelity, we make,  
And choose thee here a Councillour of State.  
Thee *Formidon* for thy sweet *Rosus* sake  
*Artesio's* Daughter, we appoint and choose  
Attourney-Generall for our Royall Causes :  
Thee *Comodus* the Master of our Mint.

*Omnes.* Long live *Evaldus*, our most gracious Lord  
And Master.

*Exeunt.*

*Evald.* Go *Museus*, see them sworne.  
*Kestreena*, stay, we have a word t' exchange :  
Sit down *Kestreena* : Here's an empty Chaire  
Invites thy presence; Come, why com'st thou not ?

*Kett.* Most gracious Sovereigne, That's a feat not fit  
For Subjects; Sir, be pleas'd to lay commands  
My duty may not blush to execute.

*Evald.* Lay by your Complements; *Kestreena*, Come  
Repose by us; Wee'l warrant our Commands.

*Kett.* Excuse me Sir, and let this bended knee  
( A Posture far more fit ) attend your pleasure.

*Evald.* Nay, rise *Kestreena*, : Something tells my heart  
Thou art too blame : Sit here ;  
We'l have it so.

*Sits downe.*

So, now *Kestreena*, time and place conspire  
To give advantage to my long desire.

Shall

Shall I not seem to curious to propound  
A harmlesse question to thy private ear ?

*Kett.* In confidence, your grace will not command  
Beyond my power and honour, I obey.

*Evald.* Then tell me sweet *Kettreena*, and tell true,  
Had peevish *Pertenax* the maiden-head  
Of thy Affection ; did thy heart nere flame;  
Untill his amorous Bellows blue the fire ?

*Kett.* Sir, were it not too high presumption to enquire  
The cause of your Command —

*Evald.* Nay, blush not Lady. 'Tis nor sin nor shame  
To tell the secrets of so sweet a flame;  
That blush has half resolv'd me ; what remains  
To clear my doubt, let thy fair words produce.

*Kett.* Sir, wer't a Sin, my Sin would not despair  
That have my Sovereigne to my Confessour :  
Sir, I was nere so wise above my Sex  
To blast Affections blossom in her Spring,  
Nor yet so nicely foolish to deny  
That passion that has conquer'd more then I.

*Evald.* Liv'd there a Soul subjected to our Crown,  
So blest in his deservings, as to find  
So great a favour as *Kettreena's* eyes ?

*Kett.* Sir, may your Subjects flourish with desert  
To merit such a Prince, but —

*Evald.* But ? but what ? Speak on *Kettreena*.

*Kett.* Let your Grace  
Excuse my blunt abruption.

*Evald.* Come, speak out,  
Thy full perfection can no way admit  
Imperfect languages. Say on; but what ?

*Kett.* But, 'twas no subject, gracious Prince of yours  
That first enthrall'd my heart.

*Evald.* What was he then ?  
Was he some foraine Prince in a disguise  
That came to rob our land of such a prize ?  
Tell me *Kettreena*, if thou darest repose

So great a secret in *Evalds* breast.

What was he for a man? Of what condition?

From whence? What were his fortunes? his Allies?

*Kett.* Most gracious Sovereign, what, or whence he was

I cannot well relate: So many years

Have pass'd since then, that my remembrance may

Well plead her frailty: Whatsoever he was,

A Pilgrims weed eclips'd him.

*Evald.* Could thy heart make a sad Pilgrim

Th' object of thy love?

*Kett.* Sir, I was then but young, and my affection

Could finde no Tutor but her own desires

Which curb'd my nonag'd reason, with a hand

Too too severe for counsel to withstand.

*Evald.* I wonder how a Pilgrim durst attempt

So strong a task! upon what hopeful grounds

Could he presume to build his vain desire?

*Kett.* The ground of Love is love: and the direction

Which meer affection takes, is meer affection.

*Evald.* How long *Kettreena* since thy soft desire

Relented first at thy bold Pilgrims fire?

*Kett.* Fates blesse the token: Even that very year

Your highnesse first set happy footing here

To tie that blest, that royal knot between

Your sacred self, and our as sacred Queen.

*Evald.* But did that Pilgrim never since appear

Discover'd to thine eye?

*Kett.* Great Sir, mine ear

Was never since made happy with the newes

That he is living, for whose sake I wear

These weeds of mourning: True, the great desire

Of my wel-being urg'd my fathers heart

To match me to a wealthy discontent,

But my Obedience thwarted my Affection,

And made me prisoner to a secret vow.

Which I have kept as spotlesse as my name.

*Evald.* Has not thy Marriage-bed dissolv'd that vow?

*Kett.*

*Kett.* Although I live sad *Pertenax* his Wife,  
Yet shall I prove his Virgin when I die.

*Evald.* Tell me *Kettreena*, do'st thou know this Ring?  
Why do'st thou start *Kettreena*? Do'st thou know't?  
What means these tears?

What means this change of weather?  
Tell me *Kettreena*, do'st thou know this Ring?

*Kett.* Sir, too too well, And in this Ring I read  
The secret story of my Pilgrims death:  
Heavens rest and all my joyes be with him; Sir,  
He was too good to live, and wretched I  
A slave to life not good enough to die.

*Evald.* Come, come, *Kettreena*, let those pretious drops  
Forbear to trickle: Come thy Pilgrim lives  
And fares no worse then I: I am the man.

*Kett.* Abuse me not great Prince: O punish not  
My rude (but yet obedient) boldnesse thus:  
Deride not her whom fortune hath deprest,  
And hath a loyal, though a troubled breast.

*Evald.* 'Tis I that was that Pilgrim, and disguis'd  
Wandred this land (whose Crown I was fore-told  
By our Chaldean Prophet should be set  
Upon my temples) and directed to  
*Artesio's* house; I found that very face  
His Glasse presented to my wandring eyes  
In viewing thee, whom he mistook as Queen,  
And read my Regal fortunes in thy love;  
Adding this prophesie, as yet untold,

Shee that gives thee the first Ring  
Shall crown thy head, and make thee King.  
This is that Ring, which given thou drop'dst a tear,  
And whisper'd 't thus: This Ring is *Cupid's* Sphere.  
'Twas I, to whose safe trust thou didst repose  
A secret, which this tongue shall nere disclose;  
These were the lips that gave thee that advise,  
My judgment thought most fit, and thine approv'd.

*Kett.* I am convinc'd dread Sovereign, and amaz'd,



My trembling heart's surprized 'twixt joy and fear,

*Evald.* Fear not *Kettreena*, I am still the same,

And so art thou, excepting this alone:

Thou found'st a Crosse and I have gain'd a Crown,

Which I'll renounce, and call no longer mine.

When it shall cease t' advance both thee and thine:

And for a Pledge, we tender on our part.

Our royall hand; with it a reall heart.

*Kett.* Your hand's enough great prince; as for the rest

I'm not ambitious now.

*Evald.* Be not deceiv'd

My sweet *Kettreena*, there's no dregs of lust

Defiles that bosome thou so fear'st to trust.

'Tis fair and spotlesse, and contrives no end

But what may merit so divine a friend.

*Kett.* I question not; And for that heart, return

A heart (though far unequal, yet) shall burn

With equal fires.

*Evald.* And let *Kettreena* know

Nor time, nor fortune shall have pow'r to show

The shadow of change. And mark how long

Times hower-glasse shall measure out my dayes.

Ent. *Augusta*, *Phonilla*, *Trippitt*.

Till then—

But hold! The Queen prevents the rest.

How now my dear *Augusta*? Art thou come

To give's a visit? Love, 'tis kindly done.

*Aug.* I fear my Lord the King, my blunt access

Hath given the privacies of your discourse

Too quick a period.

*Evald.* No, no my dear,

At thy approach all businesse does appear

Like pale-fac'd stars before the rising Sun.

*Aug.* Madam *Kettreena*, I must give you joy.

*Kett.* Me joy, most excellent Princess?

Pray, for what?

*Aug.* Nay, never blush: I say, I wish you joy.

*Kett.*



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*Kett.* I thank your grace, Be pleas'd to say wherein.

*Aug.* Of your new Ladiship: Come, now you know.  
What ayles my Lord the King? Are you not well?

*Evald.* Why? dear *Augusta*.

*Aug.* Cause ye look so pale,  
Your colour's gone into *Kettreena's* cheeks;  
But are you well indeed? I wish you joy, too.

*Evald.* Thanks sweet *Augusta*: Tell me dear of what?

*Aug.* Of your new Servants that you made to day;  
But I transgress: My Lord, the King, Farewell.

*Evald.* What haste *Augusta*? We'l together hence.

*Aug.* Madam *Kettreena* ———— *Offers the place.*

*Kett.* Lord! what means your Grace?

*Aug.* Excuse me Madam ---- pray ————

*Kett.* Your Highnesse now  
Make's me ridiculous.

*Aug.* You'l wrong your self.--

*Exeunt.*

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Quack, reading a Bill.*

*Mistresse Penelope Trippits Bill, Aprill 20.*

**F**Or 2 ounces of syrrop of Savin, and keeping her counsell — 0 — 13s. — 4d.

*Item* for one ounce and a half of surfling Water. — — — 0 — 7 — 6.

*Item* for a glaſs of the beſt Mercury-water, and a  
box of *Pomatum*. — — — 0 — 6 — 8.

*Item* for two ounces of talk — — — 0 — 2 — 2.

C 3

Master

## Master Lusty-bloods Bill, June 9.

For a Sweating Chaire	—	0	10	0
For a Purge	—	0	3	4
Item for the same again	—	0	5	4
Item for Turpentine Pills	—	0	3	2
Item. for a Diet drinke	—	0	10	0
Item for a Serynge	—	0	2	6
Item for fluxing his body	—	0	12	2
Item for 2 penny-worth of <i>Diafcardium</i>	—	0	1	1

Summs, tot.

## A pretty Reckoning !

As I am a virtuous Pothecary, I know not how to subsist. Here's all that's comming to me, and that's not to be expected till Christmas, if paid then. Gentlemen, I am in a very skirvy case. *Artesio* has turn'd me out of his service, and I must break. What shall I do? I must play the good Fellow abroad, and then my Wife plaies the Devill at home. How can the one be maintain'd? or the other endured? I have pawn'd already her *Tustraffaty* Peticote, and all her Chid-bed linnen, besides two tiffiny Aprons, and her bearing-cloth, for which I have had already two curtaine Lectures, and a black and blue eye. But stay! my fatten Doublet has yet a good glosse, and her silk Mohaire Petticoate and Wastecoate will make a good show in a Countrey Church. Nay, my credit will yet passe in *Bucklers-berry* for Five pounds worth of Commoditie, which with the help of a gold Night-cap, a few conjuring words, and a large Conscience, will go far, and set me up in a Market towne, where I may passe for a *Padua* Doctor: 'Tis but Italianating my name, garb, language, and habit, and then *Seignior Quackquinto* may practice as safely, kil as ignorantly & innocently as *Artesio* himslef, or any Doctor in the King's Dominions. And when my name is but once rais'd upon

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upon the wings of popularity, the better sort will hold it disparagement to their judgements not to magnifie *Quackquinto*, and rather not be sick at all, then to be counsell'd by *Quackquinto*. If any foolish Lord be sick of a Plurisie of Gold, who must be sent for but the Italian Doctor, *Signior Quackquinto*? If any love-sick Lady would take a Pill to purge melancholly, who must be sought to but the Italian Doctor *Seignior Quackquinto*? And then so honourable will the Name of the Italian Doctor be, that he's not fashionably sick that will not advise with *Seignior Quackquinto*. But the way to proceed is not to stay here.

*Exit.*

*Musens.*

So,

Let their ambitious climbe and shake the tree,  
When the fruit falls, 't may chance to fall to me:  
I'll stand below and watch; They seldom fall  
That keep their Stations, and not clime at all:  
Low fortunes find most rest, abide most sure,  
When lofty Cedars shake, Shrubs stand secure:  
*Bellarmino* will be Prince: *Palladius*, he  
Assumes the self-same Title: Both will be  
*Ewaldus* Heires, both Kings; both joyntly scorn  
The stile of Subject: both will be first-borne:  
I, let them jarre; And let the golden Apple  
Remain still doubtfull; Let them graspe and grapple:  
*Musens*, stand thou Neuter: Oft 'tis known,  
When two Doggs fight, the third does catch the bone.

*Exit.*

*Rosia, Marina, Quisquilla.*

*Ros.* Had I imagin'd *Kestreenas* Ladiship had been no worse, I should have made bold to owe her this visit a day longer.

*Ma.* For any thing I see, she may live till all her freinds be weary of her. *Quisquilla*, what brought thee thither?  
Did her Ladiship send for thee to watch?

*Quis.* Truly, I heard she was very ill, and when I came, I found her very ill.

*Ma.* Some Qualm! May be she's breeding of a young Prince.

*Ros.*

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*Ros.* Or sick of an old Knight: Methought she look't very peevishly: If he'd but drop out of the way a little, she'd be well enough.

*Quis.* Nay, indeed, they say, if Ladies, be not (as it were) sick once a fortnight, they forfeit their Honour.

*Ma.* Why, then *Quisquilla*, thou thinkst she's but a little sick of course.

*Ros.* Introth then, our visit is futable to her disease.

*Ma.* For my part, if her Ladyship had been sick to the heart, I should ha' visited her with a better heart; But sirrah, I believe our welcome was as hearty as our visit.

*Quis.* Truly, I believe you had been more welcome, if you had staid two minutes longer.

*Ros.* Prithee, why Sirrah?

*Quis.* Nothing, but only her Maid could not find the perfuming Pan, to take away the smell of the ———

*Ma.* Of the what? Prithee *Quis.* what was the matter? I know by thy simpering, thou hast some Roguery at thy tongues end.

*Ros.* Prithee *Quis.* out with it.

*Quis.* Shall I? but as I live, ye must say nothing. When she first heard of your comming, her Ladiship was heartily tugging a piece of sod Bacon, and fearing ye would come up a little too soon, as in truth ye did, her maid for haste hiding it under the bed, it slipt into the chamber-pot.

*Ma.* The best that ever I heard,  
She should ha' thrown a few Oynions after't, and stewed it for the old Knight.

*Quis.* 'T had been good enough for such an old miserable hound, to allow a sick Lady so course a diet.

*Ros.* Sirrah, we have Husbands bad enough, but not so bad.

*Ma.* Gramercy good Wives, that won't be such fools to endure it. *Quisquilla*, I think thy Husband is no Saint neither. Is he?

*Quis.* Yes, of the Devils canonizing. Would I had been hang'd the first houre he saw me.

*Ros.* Why? what's the matter, *Quis*?

*Quis.*

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*Quis.* What; All that he gets he spends, and all he can finde he pawn's: Yesterday, he broke open my chest and pawn'd all my child bed linnen, and to day my Tassaty petticoat, and my best purld Gorget, and to make up the matter, he hath plaid such pranks that the Doctor has turn'd him out of his service.

*Ma.* Why do'st not discipline him?

*Quis.* Discipline him? If I counsel him, he stands like an Ass and casts up his ugly gray eyes: If I ring him a peal he slights me with his silence, and that which vexes me to the heart, stands and whistles. But if I live till to morrow, for I know he'll come in drunk to night, I'll whistle him, y<sup>e</sup> faith I'll make him know what 'tis to whistle a Wife, the longest howre he has to live y<sup>e</sup> faith he will.

*Ros.* A Girl worth Gold.

*Mar.* Come, lead away, let's go.

*Quis.* She's a meer fool that sometimes is no Shrow.

*Exeunt.*

*Quack, Lactusia.*

*Quack.* As I live and hope to be a Doctor, 'twas for nothing in the universal world but for killing a rich Patient of his a little before his time.

*Lact.* That was a poor thing to turn away an old Servant for, especially a man of your profession.

*Quack.* 'Twas nothing else as I am vertuous. Nay more, He was a slow Pay-master too, and took Physick upon the Ticker. Ah Madam, had he conniv'd a little I had clearly gain'd a hundred Markes by his death.

*Lact.* How?

*Quack.* His younger Brother, a fine Gentleman, laid me a hundred Marks he would live till our Lady-day. Alas! I did no more for a considerable sum then my Doctor has done a hundred times for nothing; I'm sure I have been a gainful Servant to him, and that he knows right well. But the truth is, he has no more conscience with him then the dog has: How often have I left out the chief Ingredient out of his Receipts to prolong the Cure for his profit? How often dropt in a Dram of a malignant quality into his Dose to make a Cure for his gain! Nay, as I am an honest man,

D

out

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out of my rank, affection to him, at my own cost and charges kept a brace of hor Creatures in Ordinary to help young Gentlemen to their Diseases for his sweet sake: Had I been a knave, his Daughters had wanted many a fatten Petticoat. And thus my honest dealing is requited: But 'tis no matter, Ther's more wayes to the wood then one. I have corruption enough in me to make a Country Doctor. And 'tis no new thing to build up a new Phisitian upon the ruines of an old broken 'Pothecary.

*Last.* *Quack*, you have a voluble tongue, and can easily work upon the ignorant multitude, I could rather wish you to turn Mountebanck, What think'st thou of that *Quack*?

*Quack.* Madam, I doubt not but I could cheat the King's liege people as plausibly as another, if the King, or any of his mad Sons would give me a License.

*Last.* As for the King, *Artesso* is in too great favour with him. But Prince *Bellarmo* will do't if you make the means.

*Quack.* Your Ladyships word in my behalf will soon be heard, for which, I shall present you with a Newyears-gift a hundred Marks thick,

*Last.* I'll move his Highnesse in't. Go get a License drawn for him to signe.

*Quack.* I humbly thank your Ladyship.

*Exeunt.*

*Pertenax.*

So they are fat enough, And there let 'em starve and rot, and let their Children pick their bones. I'll not abate one single penny. Tell me of mercy? If their Wives breasts want milk, let their Children suck bloud. Their Bonds are forfeit, and I'll have ev'ry farthing ere they quit those Grates. Hoe, there within, Hoe, *Kettreena*.

[*Knocks.*

*Ent. Kettreena.*

*Kett.* Sir, did you call?

*Pert.* O are ye come, Huffif, go fetch my Box of Obligations down, Make hast, away.

[*Exit Kettreena.*

Compound quoth her, I'll no compounding, Though they are beggers, they have able friends. I wonder ther's no Statute to brand

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brand all Bankrupts in the forehead with a hot iron, that men may know 'em. Nature had been very provident if she had ordain'd that their flesh might ha' risen and fallen with their fortunes, that we Money-masters might have traded without broken slumbers, and ha' known a Rascall from a fat Deer.

*Enter Kett. with a Box.*

*Pert.* O are ye come, give me, give me, quickly, quickly?

*[looks among the papers.]*

*Kett.* O that his vertues were enclosed there,  
And that his honour was but half so dear!

*Pert.* *John Havelands* Bond. 300l. to pay 150 the sixt of *June*  
next : Good.

What's here ? *Henry Thrift*, 400l. to pay 200 the 23 of *March*  
next : and Good.

*Humfrey Rich* his bond to pay the double Interest of 500l. for  
10 years, and lose the principall : Good.

*Quack's* Bill of Sale of a *Tustaffaty* Peticote, and a chest of fine  
linuen, at 6s. per Moneth in the pound,

That's as good as mine own already.

*Kett.* Ah poor *Quack*, Art thou come into his clutches?

*Pert.* O here 'tis, here 'tis, here 'tis, They are both come together. *Thomas Badluck*, 10l. to pay 5. and *George Faile* 6l. to pay  
3. both forfeit and fast enough. There's 16l good, besides cost  
and charges, or there let 'em rot.

*Kett.* Deare Sir, let me be a Suiter for mercy upon these two.

*Pert.* Mercy ! then let never me find mercy, if I shew 'em any.

*Kett.* I prithee, be good to 'em. They have 15 Children between 'em, and nine of them are Motherless. If they remain in prison, they must all sterve.

*Pert.* Hey, tittle tattle, tittle tattle, tittle tattle, Pray go to your Favourite the King; he'l redeem 'em for the tother kifs, or if your kisses are grown cheap, for a nights lodging. Now your Father's a Privie Counsellour, you'l have a glorious Pander.

*Kett.* Sir, you wrong three at once, and your self that's four, and I have a Conscience that's a thousand will justifie it : but I forgive yee.

*Pert.* Forgive me, ye Court Munkey ! They say y'are breeding



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and keep your Chamber, and puke a mornings, and eat Candles and Cordials in a corner to cherish you after your journey; And my purse must pay for all, But I'll keep you short.

*Kett.* Heaven and my Innocence comfort me : What I breed I fear you'll justly father; even that Childe will make us both happy.

*Pert.* I father your Bastard ! you extract of Court Impudence ! O that my hand were turn'd to Lyons pawes, that I may teare thee to bits.

*Kicks her, and falls.*

Murther, murther, murther !

*Kett.* Sir, let my arme assist ye.

*helps him up.*

*Pert.* O I am murtherd ! O my bonds, my bonds, my bonds ! O let me once more embrace ye my dear bonds !

*[takes up his box.]*

O my dear bonds.

*Kett.* Feare not, My arme shall hold you up.

*Pert.* O my legges, my legges ! O my bonds, my bonds, my sweet bonds !

*[leads him out Exeunt.]*

*Bellarmo. Quack, with a Paper in his hand, at one doore.*

*Bell. Quack,* But I fear 'twill do *Artessio* wrong.

*Quack.* No wrong at all, my Lord : My practice lies among the fooles, He deales with none but wise.

*Bell.* I, but you promise cure to their disease.

*Quack.* Their money load's 'em, and we give 'em ease.

*Bel.* Why then you rob them for your own relief.

*Quack.* Who takes what's freely offer'd, is no Thief.

*Bel.* But they expect Recovery of their health.

*Quack.* And we accept what's much inferiour, wealth.

*Bell.* They heal your wants, you fail to help their grief.

*Quack.* 'Tis true, our sense exceeds their dull belief.

*Bell.* Can then belief give help to their disease?

*Quack.* Faith in the Doctor gives the Patient ease.

*Bell.* If these be penny-worths, he's a fool that buyes.

*Qu.* If they be fooles, our pen'worths makes them wise.

*Bell.* But *Quack,* I know that Mountebanks are bold, ignorant, and covetous; and when these three qualities meet and present themselves to the vulgar, who are naturally confident, simple, and admirers.



admirers of Novelties, like Flies, they'l buz about the flame till they have burnt their wings, nay sometimes scorch their bodies too, and that must not be suffer'd.

*Quack.* My Lord, we Mountebanks are in that kind very circumspect: What we prescribe, if it do no good, we are confident can do no harme. For most of what we give, carries the bare name of Physick, but is none.

*Bell.* Why do ye give it then?

*Quack.* To cure our own diseases, and with the help of a little foolish Faith, theirs too.

*Bell.* But methinks your knavery should quickly be discovered.

*Quack.* what doe ye then?

*Quack.* Why, then we flee to the next good Town, and there we meet with fresh fools, where if one among a hundred hap to be cured, he more cries up our credit, then the ninety nine can disparage it. Every Prize hath his Trumpet, when thousands of Blanks are swallowed up in silence, that others may be fool'd as well as they. Howsoever, they depart all satisfied, and I dare say, repent no more of their Sixpences, then they do of their sinnes.

*Bell.* Well *Quack*, give me thy paper. Once for old *Lactusia's* sake, I'll be accessary to a piece of knavery.

[*Signes the License, and Exit.*]

*Quack.* Thanks Noble Lord, y'are principall in my esteem. Now *Quack*, skru up thy braines: Provide thee A fit man, and him a fit Habit, And oyle thy tongue, that it may neatly cosen Poor Country fools as they draw doves, by th' dozen.

*Angusta, Lactusia, Trippit.*

*Aug.* *Lactusia*, I'de have it made up into a Potion, and so convey'd to her. Canst a make a Composition?

*Lact.* An't please your grace, Ile doe my best, but dare not warrant the present working of it. I ha' poyson'd many a Rat, but my practise lies no further

*Aug.* Art acquainted with no Potheecary, that will take an Annuity of a hundred Mark to doe the feat?

*Lact.* Now I think on'r, I have one fit for the purpose, a man of a desperate fortune, that will bite at such a Baite. *Cornelius Quack*, late

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lately Pothecary to *Artesio*, who is about to get a License to be a Mountebank.

*Aug.* I'll grant it him, but will he be secret?  
Where is he?

*Laft.* I met him just now.

*Aug.* Go find him, And if he entertain the motion, bring him hither.

*Laft.* I know no fitter man.

*Exit.*

*Aug.* But *Trippit*, In whose name shall we send it to her.

*Trip.* No better then in her Fathers, He being a Doctor, and she (as I hear) at this time not well, may send it as Physick to be taken presently.

*Aug.* Had *Quack* continued her fathers Pothecary, it would ha' done well, but having left his service, it will breed suspicion.

*Trip.* What if it should be sent in a Botcle of Greek-Wine, as a token from one of her sisters?

*Aug.* I believe there's no such correspondency between 'um. And besides, Wine of that nature will break the Glas; and make discovery.

[*Ent. Laft. & Quack whispering.*

What thinkst thou of counterfeiting a kind Letter from *Evaldus*, which shall intimate his notice of her sicknesse, and that he hath sent her one of his own Cordials, wishing her for his sake to drink it fasting?

*Trip.* Your Highness has hit it. And he may adde, that he hath drunk her health in the same, which may the better induce her to pledge it. It will be a way beyond all exception.

*Aug.* Look, here's a Letter penn'd to the same purpose, read softly.

*Quack.* Madam, teach a Miller to be a Thief. If I doe not like a workman, let my wages be thereafter.

*Laft.* Madam, here's the man I recommended to your Highness.

*Aug.* Bring him near,  
You are acquainted with the businesse?

[*kisses her hand.*

*Quack.* Yes an't please your grace, and am ready to perform it.

*Aug.*

*Aug.* Let the Cordiall be made of sudden execution,  
And convey it to her with this Letter.

*Each.* Will your Highness be pleas'd to signe this his License to  
practise Phisick and Chirurgery in your Majesties Dominions.

*Aug.* Tis p'p'it, keep both the License and the Letter, and put us  
in mind to signe the one, and seale the other, Let's away. Fellow, be  
silent, sudden and circumspect:

*Quack.* Your Grace will beare me out in't.

*Aug.* Doubt it not.

[*Exeunt. manet Quack.*]

*Quack.* So, now my License will have Authority enough.  
A hundred Marks a year besides, and the Queens Servant?  
I'll venter a hanging upon these termes at any time.

Enter *Quisquilla.*

*Quis.* Come,  
Art thou there? Hah!

Must my fury await your pleasure!

Must my sweet revenge attend your leisure?

Have I nothing else to doe, but to figge from place to place, from  
Tavern to Tavern, from corner to corner? Must I be still yawling,  
and calling, and bauling for you whilst y'arera'mbling, and roving,  
and roaming, and potting, and piping, and driveling and sniveling?  
Am I born to trot after you? to wait upon your taile? or else like a  
fool, sit moaping at home, with neither clothes to my back, nor  
meat for my belly, nor a penny in my purse?

*Quack.* So now the game begins.

*Quisq.* Must I be thus slighted, and scorn'd, and contemn'd, and  
undone by a Runnagate, a Sneap nose, a thin-gut? Must I dance  
attendance after such a shotten herring as you? be a slave to such a  
Sot as you? such a Bull-pated Milk-top as you? You a Citizen!  
you a Trades-man! you a husband! you a Companion for Gentle-  
men! marry, come up! You must be pranked up in your Satten  
Doublet, when I ha' scarce a smock to my back, nor a shooe to my  
foot, nor a Tatter to my tayle, nor a hot bit to put into my belly,  
from Sunday to Sunday.

*Quack.* Heyday, heyday, heyday!

*Quis.* And heyday, and heyday, and heyday too; Go heyday!  
your base Trulls, your three-half-penny draggel-ray'd Queanes,  
that

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that can endure your heydayes, and your mocks and your mowes,  
and your taunts for an ounce of Coventry-blue.

*Quack.* As I went to *Walsingham*.

[*whistles*]

*Quisq.* Go, ye weasel-snouted, addle-pated, buzzle-headed,  
splatter footed Mooncalf. Go whistle your Doggs, and your flap-  
mouth'd Whores, that ye carried to the Tap-house, and then ran  
away and left them to pay for the Reck'ning, when they follow'd  
ye, and rung ye by the ears, till they made ye roar like your mo-  
ther, when she was delivered of such a coxcomby Booby as you,

*Quack.* So, is all out now?

*Quisq.* Go, go ye Sycophant, the dreggs of the Suburbs, that can  
murder a Patient for the hopes of a hundred Markes, and then be  
turn'd out of service for your paines. O how my fingers itch, to set  
their marks upon those meager cheeks of thine! But you Sir know, I  
have all your Villanies upon the score,

[*claps her hands.*]

And at the next offence,

I'll call ye to Accompt, and if ye banke me, then

Iransack ye out, and make you understand

The sharp nail'd language of *Quisquilla's* hand.

*Exit.*

*Quack.* It is some comfort yet,

I find a warning ere I feel the fit.

*Exit.*

*Palladius, Bellarmo, Muscus.*

*Pal.* I scorn your words, *Bellarmino*; My spirit flies  
As high a pitch as yours, have every whit  
As good blood in my veins as you.

*Mus.* Nay good *Bellarmino*.

*Bel.* I, to keep for wanton Ladies.

*Pal.* No, to spend in a just cause.

*Mus.* Nay good *Palladius*.

*Bel.* Come, come, ye dare not.

*Pal.* Provoke me not.

*Bel.* I dare thee to thy face.

*Mus.* Nay, what d'ye mean?

*Pal.* Meet me with your Horse and Sword.

*Bel.* I will: To morrow expect to heare from me the time and  
place.

*Exeunt.*

*Mus.*

*Mus.* So, now it works like wax : Whilst they prepare  
To beat the bush, my hound may catch the Hare.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Phonilla.*

**T**Here's old whispering between them. Pray heav'n they be not  
hatching of a Cockatrices egge. Look where they come.

*Ent. Augusta, Lactusia, Trippit.*

*Aug.* Where's *Phonilla* all this day ? *whispering.*

*Pho.* Here Madam.

*Aug.* O are ye there ? My heart's much oppress'd with melancholy !  
Come *Phonilla* ; Sing the Song, the King likes so well.

SONG.

*How blest are they that waste their weary hours*

*In solemn Groves, and solitary Bowers,*

*Where neither eye nor care,*

*Can see, or hear,*

*The frantic mirth,*

*And false delights of frolique earth ;*

*Where they may sit, and pant,*

*And breath their pursy souls,*

*Where neither Grief consumes, nor griping want*

*Afflicts, nor sullen Care controuls.*

*Away false joyes, ye murder where ye kisse :*

*There is no heav'n to that ; No life to this.*

*Aug.* Truth, sweetly sung. Come, lets a way.

*Exeunt.*

*Pertenax with a Letter, and Cup.*

Murder will out : A Letter, and a silver Cup !

To the fair hands of the most Honourable Lady , the Lady

*Kettreena*, thele. Good. So much for the Preface,

E

Now

*The Virgin Widow.*

Now to the business.

[opens the Letter and reads.

The ill Construction of our loves, enforces me to whisper my Affection in the Sympathie of thy sufferings: Cheare up, and let thy courage for a while beare what present time cannot remedy. Receive this Cordiall, as a deare pledge of my Love; and a certain means of thy health: It will restore thy wasted Spirits, and wind up the Plummets of thy weakened Constitution, It will fill thy heart with mirth, and bones with marrow, whose welfare is the studious care of.

Thy *Evaldus*.

*Evaldus*. ? So now 'tis out. Hah ! does the Jade begin to tyre ? Must her Plummets be wound up ? Nay, It shall ha' my Blessing too, I had a-dose of Arsnick [feels in's Pocket.] But 'tis gone. Well, if I cannot make it fit for her, the King has made it fit for me: Let me see,

[Peruses the Letter.

\* I will fill thy heart with mirth, and bones with marrow.

Good ! Mirth and Marrow, and a silver Cup, three good Commodities ! First Ile up with this. So — So, now I'le up with that,

[drinks, puts up the Cup in's pocket.]

*Evaldus*, we thank ye. *Kettreeena*, we thank ye.

Health and wealth's a double purchase.

Enter *Kettreeena*.

*Kett*. Sir, if mine eyes may not be made partakers of the Kings Message, make my cares happy with your Relation.

*Pert*. D'ye want Restoritory ? Are the plummets of your soule down ? Does your heart want mirth ? or your bones marrow ?

*Kett*. Sir, What mean ye ?

*Pert*. Most honourable Lady, to cut your throat : Away ye Strumpet.

*Kett*. Sir, will you be pleased ———

*Pert*. To slit your nose ; Avoid my sight, [Exit *Kett*.

O what ayle I ! In the name of Gold, what ayle my bowels thus to gripe ? Oh ! her very breath's a Purge ; Her eyes are Granadoes, and have set my blood on fire. I burn like Hell: My liver scorches ; My heart is in a fornace, O water, water, water ! O for a Crust of Ice, that I may gnaw and cool my flaming tongue ! Oh, my leggs begin to faile, I faint, I faint, I faint ! Oh that this earth were snow that I might roule, and roule, and roule ! Where are ye o my baggs,

my

## The Virgin Widow.

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my blessed baggs I help me, ô help me my deare baggs. Oh, will ye suffer me to be thus tormented ! What are ye deafe now ? are ye dumb ? Take away the Witch, she comes, she comes, she comes, to pinch me with hot Irons, and fills my veins with boyling lead. O the Witch, the Witch, the Witch, the Witch.

[*languishes, and dies.*]

Enter *Kestreena*.

*Kett.* What ? false asleep ! How miserable is poor *Kestreena* that has no happiness but then ! How well quietnesse becomes him ! He lies very still ; He was wont to snort, that th' whole house was witnesse of his slumbers, I'm loath to wake him.

I'm affraid he's dead. Sir, Sir, Sir.

[*loggs him*]

Oh, he's dead ! He's dead ! He's dead !

[*Ent. Commodus*]

Utterly dead for ever.

*Com.* Deare Sister, what's the matter ?

*Kett.* O he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !

*Com.* Nay, sweet Sister, have patience.

*Kett.* Oh, woe is me, that I have liv'd to see this heavy hower !

*Com.* Pray sister be patient, you wrong your self too much.

*Kett.* I care not, so long as I never wrong'd him. Oh my deare Husband is dead, and I am undone, undone for ever !

*Com.* Come, pray Sister leave the room, and take some comfort ; Your teares cannot recall him.

*Kett.* No, no, I'll never leave him, I'll never leave him thus.

*Com.* Come, come, let me perswade ye. Nay come, good Sister.

*Kett.* Then let me take my last farewell : Deny me not that good Brother.

[*kisses him.*]

I hope he's happier far then I.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ent. *Quack*. *Quibble*, at one dore.

*Quack* Conscience ! What tell'st thou me of Conscience ? Conscience, and Commodity are two severall Trades : If thou keep the one, the other will scarce keep thee. Conscience, quoth her ? I cry my stars mercy. There's a word indeed ! You a Mountebanks man ! You a hang-man as soon. Tell me of Conscience ?

*Quib.* I beseech you, Sir, excuse me. 'Twas but a hasty word let slip, before I was aware.

*Quack.* He that's my servant must forget to blush.



*The Virgin Widow.*

Must teach his ready lips to mouth an Oath,  
 Must have a daring brow, hatch ore with brasse;  
 Must have a smooth-fac'd tongue, that has the Art  
 To cloath a naked Lie with robes of Truth;  
 And learne to work upon the easie faith  
 Of the believing multitude: He must be bold  
 And plaufible, and captivate the eare  
 With lines of wit; And with some bugbeare words  
 Of seeming Art, must fright their understandings  
 Into an Admiration.

Which, like a nightly Lowbell, may entice  
 Th' amaz'd Plebeans to his Batfoule net.

*Quibble*, what say'st to this?

*Quib.* Sir, if you'd be pleas'd to excuse me a little for swearing, I should do well enough for lying. For indeed, I must confess, swearing goes a little against my conscience.

*Quack.* More conscience yet? Come, come, ye must not Stand  
 Upon such Niceties: He that will thrive,  
 Must fear to act no profitable Crime:  
 Almighty Gold hath power to absolve  
 The evils of poverty: He may be bold  
 To sin in want, that may repent in Gold.

*Quib.* Well Sir, I am resolv'd. Conscience, farewell.  
 And now that Block's remov'd, *Quibble* shall undertake your fair-  
 Instructions, & approve himself a scholar worthy of so sage a master.

*Quack.* But one thing more;  
 When you shall mount my Stage,  
 Be sure your lavish tongue reflect upon  
 The honour of my Name: let all your words  
 Ayme at my merits, and inhaunce my fame,  
 Advance my Cures, And let thy tongue relate  
 The greatnes of my Patients, and rewards  
 Of foraine Princees, and those powers above.  
 'Tis easier to believe, then to disprove.

*Quib.* It is enough: If *Quibble* undertake,  
 And fail, trust neither fool nor knave for *Quibble's* sake.

*Exeunt at severall doors.*

*Lather*



# The Virgin Widow

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*Lactusia, Trippit.*

*Lact.* The Queen's extreamly discontent, that her designs have fall'n so croffe.

*Trip.* Who can help it?

*Lact.* This is the the fruit of jealousie; had not that peevish fool been jealous of *Kestreena*, My conscience tells me this had never been.

*Trip.* Nay, to see the old foole must needs run upon his own death, and not suffer her to die, whose death he so desired!

*Lact.* Well, 'twas the first time that I was ere engag'd in such a businesse, and shall be the last!

*Trip.* Nay, to see the luck on't, The counterfeited Letter was found in *Pertenax* his pocket, and may discover all.

*Lact.* But my feare is, that *Quack* will be examin'd, and then all will out.

*Trip.* No; *Quack* did wisely deliver his Message in a disguise; can he but keep his own counsell, all may be well. In the mean while, I have given out that *Kestreena* had a hand in the businesse, which perchance may prove an after-game, and strengthen'd with report, may leave her to the Law.

*Exeunt.*

*Evald. Attessio, Formid: Comodus.*

*Evald.* I send a Letter and a Cordiall! I'm abus'd;

*Art.* It appears, the mischief was meant to *Kestreena*, Sir.

*Evald.* But heav'n protected her: Who brought the Letter and the Potion?

*For.* The messenger was a Stranger, Sir.

*Evald.* How habited?

*Com.* Sir, like a Cavalier, in a flisht suit, a black Lock, And a gilt Rapier, down to his heels.

*Evald.* We'll make a strict enquiry; Such murder will not long lie smother'd. But how does poor *Kestreena* take it?

*Com.* Exceeding heavily Sir, And the worse, that some base tongues would make her accessory:

*Evald.* My soul acquits her. *Artessio*, let her know, we'll visit her to morrow. Bid her from me chear up;

Upon my Honour, I'll not rest, till she be righted:

*Art.* Heav'n bless your Highnesse.

# The Virgin Widow.

*Evold.* 'Tis certain, there's a challenge pass'd betwixt *Bellarmino* and *Palladius* : I feare the unhappy difference concerning the Birthright, will never be compos'd but by the Oracle. On Wednesday is their Birthday, and most fit for such Solemnity : *Formidone*, let proclamation be issued forth, that all the Court, upon the paine of our displeasure that day awaite the Oracle, where we in person will attend it. *Artesio* send your warrant out in our name to the Pythian Priests, to make their Preparations. *Exit.*

*Museus.*

So now *Museus*, If the Plot hit right,  
There's but a haire'twixt Monarchy and thee :  
The Gap stands faire; If thy auspicious stars  
Light thee the way, and prosp'rous Fortune breathe  
Successe upon thy high contriv'd designs,  
Thy sole commanding hand, shall grasp and sway  
The glorious Scepter, and thy gracious Browes  
Shall be encompass'd with th'Imperiall Crowne.  
But stay ! What if *Palladius* should advise  
With his soft pillows ? what if pleading tears  
Softly distilling from the amorous eyes  
Of his faire Idoll should prevaile and turne  
His Martiall flames into a love-sick fire ?  
What if the blaze of our *Bellarmino's* rage  
(Not having solid fuel to maintaine  
The wastefull bounty of his lavish flames )  
Should flake and languish, and consume it self  
To the warm ashes of a soft accord ?

Here, here, *Museus*, thou must act thy part  
With Care and judgement, and ingenious Art.  
Be circumspect; Be studious to encrease  
Those Fires : Their warrs produce thy Peace.  
Be thou the Bellows to advance their flame :  
And having wisely dealt, play thus thy Game.

First baite thy hook with deep dissembled love,  
Keep close thy Serpent, and shew them thy Dove :  
Seem friend to both; who ever fail'd his end,  
That hammer'd treason with the hands of Friend ?

Feed

Feel both their pulses: If they chance to beat  
Active and sprightly, wish, advise, entreat  
To peace: Periwaded fury, and stopt streames.  
When most resisted, run to most extreame:  
But if their tilted spirits run too low,  
Urge Reputation, and the faith they owe  
To sacred honour in a Princes name:  
The whet-stone of abated Valour's shame.  
But see, how pat *Palladius* presence gives  
A fair advantage to my new desires!  
He stand aside, untill his serious eyes  
Have given free welcome to his paper-guests.

[Ent. *Palladius* softly  
reading two letters.

*Pall.* I stand betwixt two minds! what's best to doe?  
This bids me stay, this spurs me on to goe.  
Once more let our impartiall eyes peruse  
Both t'one and t'other: Both may not prevail.

My Lord,

**P**Rize not your Honour so much as to disprize her that honors you, in  
choosing rather to meet Death in the field, then *Pulchrella* in her de-  
sires. Give my affection leave once more to dissuade you from trying Con-  
quest with so unequall a Foe: Or if a combat must be tryed, make a  
Bed of Roses the Field, and me your Enemy. The Interest I claim in  
you is sufficient Warrant to my desires, which according to the place they  
find in your respects, confirm me either the happiest of all Ladies, or  
make me the most unfortunate of all Women.

PULCHRELLA.

A Charm too strong for Honour to repress.

*Mus.* A heart too poor for Honour to possesse.

*Pall.* Honour must stoop to Vows.

But what saies this?

[Reads the other Letter.

My Lord,

**T**He hand that guides this Pen, being guided by the ambition of  
your honour, and my owne affection presents you with the wishes of  
a faithfull Servant, who desires not to buy your safety with the hazard  
of your reputation. Go on with courage, and know, *Panthea* shall partake  
with

with you in either fortune: If conquer'd, my heart shall be your monument, to preserve and glorifie your honor'd ashes; If a Conqueror, my tongue shall be your Herald to proclaim you the Champion of our Sex, and the Phoenix of your own; honor'd by all, equal'd by few, beloved by none more dearly then

Your own *PANTHEA*.

I sayle betwixt two Rocks! What shall I doe?

What Marble melts not if *Pulchrella* wooe?

Or what hard-hearted care can be so dead,

As to be deafe, if fair *Panthea* plead?

Whom shall I please? Or which shall I refuse?

*Pulchrella* sues, and faire *Panthea* sues:

*Pulchrella* melts me with her love-sick teares,

But brave *Panthea* batters down my cares

With Love's Pettarre: *Pulchrellas* brest encloses

A soft affection wrapt in Beds of Roses.

But in the rare *Pantheas* noble lines,

True Worth and Honour, with Affection joynes.

I stand even-ballanc'd, doubtfully opprest,

Beneath the burthen of a bivious brest.

When I peruse my sweet *Pulchrella's* teares,

My blood growes wanton, and I plunge in feares:

But when I read divine *Panthea's* charmes,

I turne all fierie, and I graspe for Armes.

Who ever saw, when a rude blast out-braves,

And thwarts the swelling Tide, how the proud waves

Rack the drencht Pinace on the Sea-green brest

Of frowning *Ahimprite*, who opprest

Betwixt two Lords (not knowing which t'obey)

Remains a Neuter in a doubtfull way.

So tost am I, bound to such strait confines,

Betwixt *Pulchrella's*, and *Panthea's* lines,

Both cannot speed: but one that must prevail.

I stand even poys'd: an Atome turns the scale.

*Mus.* Dar'st thou be doubtfull? Fie *Pal'adin*, fie.

*Pall.* How now? What, is *Musens* care so nigh?

Lend me thy grave advice: Peruse these lines,

My

My choice shall fix on what thy judgement signs.  
Read both. Compare and judge. [Reads the letters softly.

*Mus.* Weigh Heaven with Hell:

Compare harsh Owles to warbling *Philomel*:  
Weigh Froth with Honour, or dejected Shame  
With the downe-weight of an illustrious Name.

*Pulchrella* wooes thee with a Syrens song;  
But brave *Pamthea*'s more Heroick tongue.

Chaunts streynes of honor: False *Pulchrella* sheds  
The teares of Crocodiles: *Pamthea* treads

High steps to triumph, where thy growing Name  
Shall stand recorded in the Rolls of Fame.

But take thy course: Th' advice is onely mine:

Thine is the Interest, as the choice is thine. [Restores the letters.

This onely know, *Bellarmino*'s tongue proclaims

*Palladius* dares not fight, but with his dames.

*Pall.* The scales are turn'd: *Pamthea* lodge thou here  
Next to my heart. *Pulchrella*, lie thou there.

[Puts that in his bosome, tears the other.

Farewell my soft embraces: Sports stand by:

*Bellarmino*, if *Palladius* lives, shall die.

*Exit.*

*Mus.* So, now it works: If either hap to fall,

I the sole-second to both parties shall

With my breath'd sword doe justice on the other:

Crowns weigh no friends: Ambition knows no brother,

Thou, then, *Musens*, shall th' Imperiall Crowne

Adorne thy sacred Temples; and the Throne

Of Earth's unrivall'd Majesty shall be

Thy purchas'd Prize, posselt alone by Thee.

Then shal those golden, those forgotten dayes

Return to earth: Then shall the learned Bayes

That wants deservers, in this trifling Age,

Immortalize the Sophoclean Stage:

Unbroken Faith shall then forget to start,

And be entayl'd upon the single heart.

Unblemisht Loyaltie shall crown the loves

Oftwined souls, more innocent then Doves.

But stay, *Museus*! Thou forgetst to play shew no xñ liard scion  
 The 'tother part with thy *Bellarm*, Away  
 Goe feele his humour : If his rage be downe,  
 Goe switch it up : Thou labour'st for a Crowne.

# ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

## *Quibble mounting his Bank.*

*Quib.* **B**E it known to all men by these presents, that I *Jeffery Quibble*, am the trusty and right well-beloved servant and Kinsman to the renowned, famous, skillfull, learned, able, admirable, incomparable Master of Philsiggge, *Cornelius Quack*, a man of rare Qualcoms, and singular imperfections, who by his studies abroad, and travells at home, through *France, Spaine, Italie, Germany, Denmark, Poland, Finderland, Freezeland*, hath marvelously unbefitted himself with all manner of Oyles, Waters, Powders, Druggs, Spirits, Balsomes, Syrrups, Salves, Sere-clothes; bountifully unstor'd with all sorts of Preservatives, Conservatives, Restoratives, Antidotes for all manner of Temperatures, Constitutions, Complexions; Richly unfurnisht with all kind of Prescripts, Deceits, and all other rare Impediments belonging to a man of his De-function, who to the great demolishment of this Town, and benefice of this Incorruption, hath redressed himself to you, and here sets up his Banck, offering health to the imperfemity of your bodies; soundnesse to the impudencie of your limbs, and present cure to your outward Malanders, and inward exturbances. And for your further sartisfaction of his deficiency in this kind, Behold his Licence under the hands of her most Excellent Majesty, and *Bellarm* her Illustrious sonnes, which, when occasion shall require it, shall be shewn, to the honour of my renowned Master, *Cornelius Quack*, and his pragmatikall servant *Jeffery Quibble*.

But to the purpose, *Gentlemen* : It may be you will think me more knave then fool, And may be so I am : And now perchance you'l say,

say I'm both by my own confession: And may be I am so too. Ar-  
re I am y<sup>e</sup> old Master made me a knave, and my new Master hath  
made me a foole: And so he'll doe ye all before h<sup>e</sup>'s done with ye.  
Which that he may, the better doe, have patience a while.

[Drawes a Curtaine, and discovers his shop furnish<sup>r</sup>.  
Gentlemen, Her's that will doe the deed. Here's Physick  
of all kinds, for all Diseases: Salves of all natures for all sores:  
Medicines of all compositions, for all constitutions, colours, of all  
sorts, for all complexions. [Takes a box and reads.

*The Costly Powder in this box*

*Cures him that's ponder'd with the pox.*

*This helps the back, and cures the Reyns.*

*Makes her weight that wants two graines.*

*The Ointment that this glasse incloses,*

*Palliates blew cheeks and purple noses.*

*This cures the Cholick, Stone, or Wind,*

*Makes craz'd bodies belch behind.*

*This cures the careful married life*

*Of that disease men call a wife.*

*This clears complexion when it fades;*

*Cures falling-sicknesses in maids.*

*This cures the twattles, and the stonts;*

*Grumbles, fullens, and the pouts.*

*This helps all Gouts both old and young,*

*And cures the palse in the tongue.*

*This makes night-walkers keep their beds,*

*Cures heavy hearts, and giddy heads.*

*If Jack love Jone, and Jone flie back,*

*This powder will make Jone love Jack.*

*If Jone love Jack, and Jack will none,*

*This Powder will make Jack love Jone.*

*This first and last if ye apply,*

*Ton'l nere be sick, but when ye die.*

Reads another.

Reads another.

Reads another.

Reads another.

Reads another.

Takes a wand.

Reads another.

Reads another.

Reads another.

Reads another.

Reads another.



## The Virgin Widow.

But this rare Quintessence such strength doth give, Reads ano-  
 Thou'l never die so long as ere ye live. ther.

Gentlemen, This is a rare man (though I say't) and hath a thou-  
 sand secrets more, which next market day you shall have from his  
 owne plentifull mouth. He hath done rare cures by naturall Ma-  
 gick, Sympathies, and Antipathies; But this is Heathen Greek to  
 you: Who would have conceiv'd that Sir Walter Raleighs blood  
 should have cured Gendomers Fistula in ano? But this is likewise  
 Greek to you: Wee'l leave these mysteries to the wise, and tell ye  
 things according to the measure of our apprehensions.

My Master had for taking a Corne out of the great Mogulls toe,  
 100. l. sterling.

For strengthening the Prince of Orange's back, — 1000. Guilders.

For curing the Emperor of a Dropsie, 4000 Rix Dollers.

For taking a black Cataract out of his Holiness his left eye, Six hun-  
 dred Checkeens.

For curing Card. Richieu of the Kings Evil, Eight hundred French  
 Crownes.

Well Gentlemen, to be short, My Master loves Money woundly  
 well, and so does my Masters man. If therefore ye want any thing,  
 greaze my fist with a Tester or two, and ye shall find it in your  
 penny-worths. And why should not I cheat him with as good a  
 conscience, as he you?

But stay! We must have a parting Song, before ye goe. Sirrah,  
 Jack, Rogue, Boy, Hoe Jack! Enter Boy.

O are you come, Sirrah!

Sing these gentlemen a Song.

Come, bee nimble,

I will be your own another day.

## S O N G.

Boy. I Sawy. fack? Is any fore

O prest with Qualmes and fainting fits?  
 Or bound behind? Or loose before?

Hee a 7 Lover lost his mitts?

## The Virgin Widow.

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Let him draw neare,  
And make his griefs appeare,  
Wee'l cure them all from top to toe,  
Before, behind, above, below.

I I

Is any heart oppress'd with dolor?  
Still, sad, or melancholly?  
Ors-flam'd with blood? inflam'd with choler?  
Or surcharg'd with Flegme or folly?

Let him draw neare,  
And make his griefs appeare,  
Wee'l ease ye all, what ere ye feele,  
Within, without, from head to heele.

I I I.

Is any foule that would be faire?  
Would Ravens appear as white as Lambs?  
Has any Couriser lost his haire?  
Or finds a crackling in his hammes?

Let him draw neare,  
And make his griefs appeare,  
Wee'l cure all their wants throughout,  
Above, below, within, without.

I V.

Has any Morpues, Freckles, Staynes,  
Warts, or wounds, or Wens, or Scarr's?  
Blisters, Bitches, Biles, or Blanes,  
Coughs, Consumptions, Colds, Catarrs?

Let them draw neare,  
And make their griefs appeare,  
Wee'l make them sound from bone to skin,  
Above, below, without, within.

V.

Chollicks, Fevers, Palses, Flux,  
Cancers, Dropsies, nauseous Fumes?  
Megrims, Skirvies, Crampe, or Cricks:  
Jaundies, Rickets, Piles, or Rheumes?

Loe

## The Virgin Widow.

*Let them draw neare,  
And make their griefs appeare,  
Wee'l give them ease, and health restore,  
Within, without, behind, before.*

*Quibble.* 'Tis a good Boy!

Now Gentlemen, y'ave heard the truth both sung and said, confirm'd by fools and children, who ye know speak truth. If after all this ye cannot beleieve, we have lost our breath, and you the benefit.

But to confirme your Confidence, and to magnifie the excellence of our skill, I will present such visible demonstrations to your eye, that doubt shall find no ground to question, and Unbelief shall blush at her own infidelity.

And first,

Here is a Sovereigne Balsome, that in the space of one minute and three quarters, shall cure the deepest wound that dagger can inflict, whereof behold sufficient prooffe.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Gentlemen, this wound which I have made, shall by the vertue of this Balsome be as quickly cured.

[*Annoyns.*]

So, now the blood retyres unto his wonted veines, I feele the Orifice, which even just now had room enough to lodge my finger, now clos'd, and smooth, and flesh deliver'd from the sense of paine.

Secondly, here is an excellent Antidote, which taken, shall preserve the taker from the injury of poyson, hot or cold. As for example —

This ugly Spider here contains the rankest of all venom.

Now Gentlemen, I take my Antidote.

And now my Spider.

*Eats it.*

'Tis gone! Fight Dog, fight Beare. Hem!

Poyson doe thy worst. Hah! Dost thou rejoyce?

Thy Power's curb'd, and cannot work her end.

Need's fear no Foe, that hath so true a friend.

Thirdly, here's a soveraigne Restorative, which shall correct the deadlyest poyson in the height of operation.

See

See ye this swelling Toad, whose poyson taken shall swell ye till ye burst, and from the very porch of Death this rare Preservative shall soon redeem ye. Gentlemen, mark how I squeez this mortall into this Boule.

Now Gallants, a Health to my Mistresse.

*Drinks.*

Now pledge it that dare. Mark the operation, Hem, Hem, Hem! Hem! Hem! Now it begins to work: O I am sick, my bowels gripe, I sweat, I burn, I burst———

*[Takes the Restorative.]*

O what a Julip breathes into my veines!  
And how these strong Convulsions of my soul  
Begin to loosen! How the loathsome Qualmes

Of my obstructed stomach turns to ease

And appetite! O soveraigne drop

How, how hast thou restor'd my dying life  
With thy unvalu'd excellence, and lent

My tongue new pow'r to call thee excellent!

Now, my Masters, you that delight in Chymistry, know also, my Master can shew you many rare experiments. He sayes he can make the Philosophers stone, but saving his Reverence I thinke he lyes, else he'd be hang'd ere he'd thus Quack for Testers.

But this upon my knowledge: He can bring an Artificiall Resurrection, and Vivification to *Mercury*, which being mortified into a thousand shapes, assumes againe its own Body, and returns to its numericall self: He can likewise from the Ashes of a Plant, revive the Plant, and from its cinders recall it to the Stalk and leaves againe. Lastly, by the vertue of a thing called Wit, he can doe such wonders at Cribbage, or New-cut, that the experience thereof shall teach ye more wisdom in an houre, then all the Volume of *Thomas Aquinas* can afford you in ten dayes: Wherein if you please, the next Market day he shall give you a plenary satisfaction, if you repair hither with purses to be handled, and mindes to be instructed.

*Exit.*

*Madge, Ciss.*

*Ciss.* Well *Madge*, though I pawne my Poppingay Petticoat for't, Ile ha' some of that powder next market day.

*Madge.* What powder *Ciss*?

*Ciss.* That powder that will make *Jack* love *Jone*.

*Madge*

*Madge.* Pish, I don't think 'twill work any such effect.

*Cis.* Yes *Madge*, as sure as I live. Doll our Dairy-maid gave some on't to *Nick* the Butlers Boy, and within an hour after the boy was so mad of her: He would never let her alone, but dogg'd her from corner to corner, and would so tumble her and so touze her: And when company was by her, would so gloit, and cast sheeps eyes at her, as past. She could go no where but the boy would make one. Sometimes he would bring her May-bushes, sometimes mellow-Apples, sometimes a Busk-point, sometimes a Silk-lace. And if she spake but a kind word to him, Lord, he would so simper, and so jemper, and so lick his lips, and so scratch his elbow, as 'twas admirable.

*Madge.* Is't possible?

*Cis.* I tell thee *Madge*, I saw it with mine own eyes, and thought the next time the Mountebank came I'de buy some on't to see what mettle our *Frank* the Faulkner was made on.

*Madge.* Why sirrah, he loves thee well enough without it: Would I know who lov'd me half so well.

*Cis.* Yes verily, I confesse I think he loves me dearly well, but yet not so dearly as I'de have him. He's such a maydenly man! —

*Madge.* Why? I'm sure I saw him kisse thee twenty times together, to be sure, so often, that my teeth water'd soundly.

*Cis.* Twenty times? what's twenty times? what's that? 'Tis done before one can say what's this? Twenty times? 'Tis a mighty piece of businesse. And then forsooth, he must stroke his Hawke, And then forsooth he must feed his Hawke, and then forsooth hee must bathe his Hawke, and then forsooth he must lie down by his Hawke, and see his Hawke pick her self, and prune her self, and ther's such a deale of of fidling, and such a deal of fadling. And then forsooth he must go abroad a hawking, and stay out all day, and then at night come home as weary as his doggs and sit without life or soul, That one has as much comfort of him as comes to nothing.

*Madge.* Well *Cis*, wou'd somebody did but love me half so well, on that condition it cost me a fall.

*Cis.* Goodly, goodly. wou'd *Antony* at *George* were here to draw his name out a your politique mouth, You are so close and so wise now.

*Madge.*

*Madge.* Why, I am not ashamed to name him, nor he of his name : Well, he has cost me many a bitter sigh in his dayes, Yet I dare take my Oath hee's as honest a young man as lives by bread.

*Ciss.* Why dost thou sigh ? He may leave his honesty when he will, and see ne'r a whit the worse for't.

*Madge.* I care not, so he left it with no body but me ; yet in the way of honesty too ( tell ye but so : ) Well, no body knows what I have endur'd for his sake ; But I may thank my modesty for't, and my Mother for that. She gave me a Rule forsooth, once, which I ha' beshrew'd her for a thousand times.

*Ciss.* What Rule was that, *Madge* ?

*Madge.* She charg'd me, that when any sued for my love, I should be coy, and say Noforsooth, and still Noforsooth, and Noforsooth, which I ha' done so long, that I have almost Noforsooth'd away all my fortunes. But sirrah, ( here's none but Thee and I ) Ile tell thee. This very day two moneths ( well fare all good tokens )

*Antony* at the *George* would needs ha' me down into his Wine-celler, and gave me a Pint of Brown bastard ; and being in a good humour, brake his minde to me, And taking a glasse of Wine, wisht it might be his poyson if he did not love me with all his heart.

*Ciss.* But did he drink it ?

*Madge.* Every drop as I live ; Nay more, wou'd may nere stir, if he offered not ( Ile tell it to thee ) to fetch a Licentse instantly, and marry me forthwith, if I'd goe with him ; But I, like a puppy-nos'd fool, followed my Mothers directions, and cry'd Noforsooth, to make him the more eager, which he taking in earnest, flung away in a pet, and as I live, took me at my word, and never spake kindly to me since : And this is the fruits of Noforsooth.

*Ciss.* And wert thou not serv'd in thy kind, to be such an asse, to refuse a good thing when 'twas offer'd ?

*Madge.* Nay, Sirrah, See the luck on't ; Had he but ask'd me once more, I had resolv'd to ha' taken him at his word : But if he, or any other hereafter take *Madge* a crying Noforsooth, I'll give him leave to bite off my tongue, and spit it in my face, I tell ye but so.

*Ciss.* Dost thou think he has forsaken thee upon't ?

*Madge.* I can't tell: I ha' made many a frivolous errand to the *George* since, And when he sees me, the Gentleman will bite his lip, and put off his hat, but as I live, never kisse me, nor nothing else, That I came away with a flea in mine eare, and in a fustian fret, and had such Qualmies, and such Swamps come over my stomach all night long —

*Ciss.* But art not mightily troubled with him in thy dreames?

*Madge.* O, sirrah, abomination; There's ne're a night escapes me, on my conscience: Sometimes, methinks I see him twirling up his pretty little black beard: sometimes stroaking up his fore-top: sometimes singing that heavenly tune of *Walsingham* to his Cittern: sometimes crying Anon, Anon Sir, and running up stairs: sometimes Very welcom Gentlemen, Is all paid i'th' *Rose*? which he fetches up with such a grace — As indeed every thing he does becomes him most sweetly. O how I could curse this peevish tongue of mine for saying that last Noforsooth. Ah! if he had askt me the Question but once more, verily I had been to morrow two moneths gone: but who can help it?

*Ciss.* Well *Madge*, our conditions are much alike: we must even comfort one another as well as we can.

*Madge.* That's but cold comfort *Ciss*: I but my case is a thousand times worse then thine; Thou mayst see him thou lovest every day, and dine together, and sup together, and sleep together under the same roose; but I a poor forsaken Creature, must waste my disconsolate hours in thinking, and in sighing, and in [Weeps] sobbing. Infomuch that I han't eaten a bit of bread that has done me any good these three dayes. But yet I can't choose but laugh to think --- *Ha, ha, ha ha*, how *Frank* the Fawlkner --- *Ha, ha, ha ha*, was catch'd in's Roguery last night, *Ha, ha, ha, ha*.

*Ciss.* How? Prithee tell me.

*Madge.* I think my heart will burst when I think on't. *Ha, ha, ha, ha*.

*Ciss.* Prithee tell me the conceit.

*Madge.* Sirrah, yester when thou wast gone up with my Lady, *Frank* and I were raking Husbands and Wives in the Embers, And *Frank* hearing the stayrs creak, and thinking thee hadst been coming down, catcht my Lady fast by the --- *Ha, ha, ha, ha*, middle; but



but she lent him such a whirret upon the eare, that all the house rung on't : But 'twould make a Horse breake his Halter to see how like an Assle poor *Frank* look'd and sneakt away with his taile clapt between his leggs, *Ha, ha, ha, ha*, Did he not tell thee on't yet ?

*Ciss*. No verily, I see him not to day : Huds livelykins, Alas poor heart, But 'Tis no matter : Let him keep home adayes then, that he may see what he does, and whom he embraces. But firrah, now I think on't, I ha' some a *Dolls Powder*, which I stole from her, Till we get more, let's try conclusions with that.

*Madge*. With all my heart, let's : But how shall we give it them ?

*Ciss*. How ? Leave that to me : *Frank* and I will goe to the *George*, and dirnk a Pint with *Antony*, and then we'll send for thee And I warrant thee Ile spice their Cups, and then

*In spite of my mother, my grandame, my aunt,  
We'l drink off our Cups, and make a night on't.*

*Madge*. A match ! Come, let's away ; wee shall be both hang'd for staying so long. *Exeunt.*

*Evald. Artesio, Formidon, Comodus.*

*Evald. Artesio*, Can you resolve us yet concerning the death of *Pertenax* ?

*Art*. Sir, he was open'd, and we apparently find that he was poyson'd.

*Evald*. Goe *Artesio*, and comfort thy poor afflicted daughter, Let her know, that We are partners in her sorrow, and will be a husband to the Widow, and take her welfare into our protection.

*Art*. Heaven blesse your Highness.

*Exit Artesio.*

*Evald*. Does there appeare any new light in your Examination ?

*Formid*. Sir, I find there was such a Letter counterfeited from your Highnesse, and a silver Cup was delivered to *Katherine* by a stranger, who after the delivery instantly departed. Likewise I find

that *Pertinax* coming in the nick, snatch: it from *Kettreena's* unwilling hand, and in a passion retyr'd into a room, not suffering her to follow him, where he was found dead an hour after.

Another Examinee saith, that he sent for a dram of *Arfnick* the night before, but for what purpose the Examinee knoweth not.

Another Examinee, being one of his servants, saith, that she hearkning at the door, did heare him say, That he would put in a dose of *Arfnick* into the Cup for *Kettreena*, which she saw him search in his pockets for; but being suddenly call'd away by her Lady, stayd not to see the rest. And indeed it is generally beleev'd, that he was chief Agent in his own death.

*Ewald. Comodus*, what account can you give us of this business?

*Com.* Sir, we found in his pocket the Cup and the Letter, but no *Arfnick*: Upon suspicion I examined Madam *Lactusia*, and one *Cornelius Quack*, once servant to *Artesio*, who falter something in their Examination, but deny any knowledge of the proceedings: One-ly they both hear that *Pertinax* counterfeited the Letter, to see with what Affection his Lady would receive it.

*Ewald.* Even like enough, The just reward of a jealous braine.

*Com.* But this she added, That when time should serve, she would discover a secret of another nature, which will make such an alteration in the State, as Time could not example: whereupon I committed them both to Prison till a farther Examination.

*Ewald.* 'Twas wisely done. *Formidon*, See a firme Conveyance made of all *Pertinax* his Estate to Our use, which wee freely give to *Kettreena*. And you *Comodus*, take a speciall care to call in her debts that are upon book and Specialties.

*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Glisterpipe.*

THE Devill a bit of meat have I gotten these nine dayes, but once a leane scrag end of a Neck of Mutton, which one of my Masters Patients loath'd to eate : Else my whole diet hath been nothing but the overplus of thin Physick-broath; and my drinke, the heartlesse reversion of dis-curd'd Posset-Ale : Infomuch, I had rather be my Masters Hang-man, then his Serving-man ; For then perchance I might get a Cast Suit; and a gratuity for a quick dispatch.

[ *Knocks at doore. Opens it, and enter Page with an Urinall.*

Who's at doore there ?

*Page.* Sir, Is Master Doctor within? I have brought him a Urine.

*Glif.* From whom ?

*Page.* From my Lady Albion.

*Glif.* My Master is very busie, and cannot be spoken with these two houres.

*Page.* Good Sir, my businesse is upon life and death : I pray bring me to him, and I shall be very thankfull.

*Glif.* How shall that appeare ?

*Page.* By this small earnest of a greater reward.

[ *Gives him a Fee, Opens the Curtaine.*

*Glif.* Well Sir, I shall make a tryal.

Sir, here is one would speak with you from my Lady Albion.

*Artif.* Bring him in.

Now friend, what's your businesse ?

*Page.* Sir, my Lady hath sent you her Urine, and desires your advice.

*Art. Glisterpi e.*

*Glif.* Sir.

[ *Pours it in a Dish.*

G 3

*Art..*

## The Virgin Widow.

*Art.* Goe ayre it.

*Glist.* Now Ide as lief he had bid be gone to supper, but take him in that fault, and hang him.

[ *Stumbles and Spills the Urine, and rises.*

So, now am I as sure of a crackt Crowne, as my Master is of a whole Angel: But Ile serve him a trick, and save my self some labour. Ile make it up again out of my own stock. *Exit.*

*Art.* Has your Lady made no use of any other Doctor formerly?

*Page.* Yes Sir, she took advice of a Scottish Doctor, but she is not much the better for him: He drew a great deal of money from her Ladiship, who is now faine to give him money to be rid on him———*Whisper.*

*Ent. Glisterpiper.*

*Glist.* 'Tis all but Pisse, and 'tis not the first time my Master has had an eye to my water.

*Page.* Truly I cannot tell Sir.

[ *Shakes the Urinall.*

*Art.* This Water shews no great defect in her Ladiships stomach.

*Glist.* His Doctorship may sweare it.

*Art.* Her Ladiship accustomes her self to too thin a diet, eats too much broth, and too many Sillibubs.

*Glist.* Posset-Ale ye meane sir, a halter stretch ye.

*Art.* And does not encourage her stomach with good substantiall meat.

*Glist.* Thanks to your miserable Purse Sir, he would if he could get it.

*Art.* Her Ladyships Body is much out of Order, and there's a Malignant Hypochondriacall Flate within her, which fumes up, and disturbs her head: Is shee not much troubled with the Head-ache?

*Page.* Yes Sir. exceedingly: She complains of it every day.

*Art.* She is likewise much troubled with inflammations and obstructions in the liver, which causes an inordinate swimming in the braine, and giddinesse. Is she not apt now and then to speake idly?

*Page.*

## The Virgin Widow.

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*Page.* O Sir, when the Fit takes her, she speaks never a word of sense : she talks of nothing but Bishops, and Petitions, and I can't tell what, and her tongue runs so wildly, and indeed, I think she is scarce sensible sometimes of her own sicknesse.

*Art.* That proceeds altogether from the rude confluence of loose humours. I find by her water, she is much troubled with wind and choller, which occasions a great and frequent heart-burning: Is she not much subject to unaccustomed sadnesse at times ?

*Page.* Extreemely Sir.

*Art.* I find she has a great imbecility in her spirits naturall, which causes in her a generall faintnesse, and now and then inclined to the *Curdiaca passio*. Is she not often posselt with sudden frights, and feares, and jealousies, and mis-understandings ?

*Page.* Exceedingly Sir.

*Art.* I find likewise, that she is much troubled with the Spleene, which occasions stupidity, melancholy, or at times distractions ? Is she not often in a brown study ?

*Page.* Very much Sir.

*Art.* Well, I feare we must be forc'd to draw some blood from her, which as the case stands now with her, I should be loth to do. There is some bad blood in her veines; but if a veine be once opened, the best blood in her body may chance to passe too, which she can hardly spare, without palpable danger. Untill I see her, I can prescribe little. To morrow I shall wait upon her Ladiship, and what I shall then find fitting, shall be carefully Administred. In the meane while, let her keep her Head warm, and be very carefull of her Temples : Let her forbear Salt and Usquebagh : Let her use Moderation in her Exercises, wherein she might not be forc'd to lift her Armes too neer her Head : And for the relieving of her drooping spirits, let her recreate her self now and then with a game at Irish : Let her forbear Noddy, and Chesse, as Games too serious.

Farewell.

*Page.* Take this, *Glisterpipe*, to drink my Ladies health.

[*Gives Glisterpipe a Fee, & Exit.*]

*Glif.* How odoriferous is a very stoole ! how sweet,  
When full cramm'd Purfes, and craz'd Bodies meet !

*Knock.*  
What ??

What? more Fees yet? Who's at doore?

*Page.* Pray is Master Doctor within?

[*Ent. Page with an Urinall.*]

I have brought him a water.

*Glist.* From whom?

*Page.* From my Lady Temple.

*Glist.* He cannot be spoken with as yet, unlesse —

*Page.* I know your minde, Sir, let this quicken you.

*Art. Glisterpipe?*

*Glist.* Sir.

*Art.* Who's there?

*Glist.* One that would speake with your Honour from my Lady Temple.

*Art.* Bring him in: Now friend, whats your business?

*Page.* Sir, my Lady desires your advice upon her Urine.

*Art. Glisterpipe,* go chafe it.

*Glist.* So, there's a shilling more for *Glisterpipe*.

*Exit.*

*Art.* How long has your Lady been sick?

*Page.* These three years, Sir: she took a tedious journey to Canterbury, where she conceives she took a surfeit with too much Duck, which hath laine very heavy upon her Ladyships stomach ever since.

[*Ent. Glisterpipe with the Urinall.*]

*Art.* This water shewes a great distemper in her principall Parts, which indeed sets her whole frame out of Order. Has she taken no Advice formerly?

*Page.* Sir, she has had many advisers, but men of mean quality, and of no skill at all.

*Art.* What were they?

*Page.* Her poore Neighbours Sir, Coblers, Weavers, Felt-makers, Coachmen, and Brewers Clerks, who pretend a great deale of slovenly skill.

*Art.* In good time! But what Doctors had she?

*Page.* Some Doctors of very good worth, but this Rabble jeers them, and laughs them out of doors.

*Art.*

## The Virgin Widow.

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*Art.* I find by her Water she has a soule Liver, and can digest no wholesome food: And her first digestion being bad, makes her second worse: Is she not apt to frights?

*Page.* Sir, her her Ladiships stomach was prictily well purg'd of her *Canterbury Duck*, and being finely at ease, and laid to rest, a rude company of Cock-brain'd Rascalls in an humour beset her house, and brake down all her glasse windows, and put her into such a fright, that she has been the worse for't ever since.

*Art.* I find by her Water, there has been too sudden Alterations in her constitution: Is she not sometimes very hot, and sometimes very cold?

*Page.* Yes Sir, sometimes as cold as Charity, sometimes as hot as Zeale.

*Art.* I find obnoxious fumes rising from her stomach, and stupefying her braine: Is she not at times very drowzy?

*Page.* Yes Sir, Infomuch that the common people think she is troubled with a *Lisurgie*.

*Art.* A Lethargie you meane. It is a Chronicall disease, and time must cure it. But let her know, that so long as she entertains this rude rabble of unsanctified Mechanicks, Shee can never prosper in her health. Till she banish them, there will be no roome for me. Fare ye well.

But heare ye, Let her fasting be frequent, and her Prayers, Common.

*Glist.* Sir, I shall pray for your Ladies health.

*Page.* Fast too.

*Exit.*

*Glist.* A faire reward! Tis Supper time: Ile hence.  
My *Paternosters* shall be like her Pence.

*Exit.*

*Ewaldw, Augusta, Bellarmo, Palladins, Muscus, Artesio, Formidon, Comodius, Kettreena, Marina, Roscia, Phonilla, Trippit.*

*All bow to the Oracle, and take their places.*

Enter three Pythian Virgin Priests, with Censers in their hands, in Linnen Robes, and crown'd with Bayes.

H

*Thrice*



*The Virgin Widow.**Thrice bow to the Oracle.*

1. Great *Apollo*, we adore thee.
2. We importune, we implore thee.
3. Thus we prostrate fall before thee.

*All bow to the Oracle.*

1. Sacred *Phœbus* draw thee nigher.
2. Grant the boone that wee desire.
3. And resent our holy Fire.

*Offer their Incense.*

1. Thou before whose open eye
2. All unshadow'd secrets lye
3. Cleare our doubts, and make reply.

*Bow, and stepping neerer to the Oracle, bowe againe, and  
retiring back, bow the third time.*

1. When *Evaldus* shall lay downe,  
Shall *Bellarmo* weare the Crowne?

*[ Oracle, No.*

*Bell. Apollo lyes: This is the Oracle I appeal to.*

*[ Lays his hand on his sword,*

*Evald. On paine of death, keep silence there.*

*Proceed.*

2. When *Evaldus* shall lay down,  
Shall *Palladius* weare the Crowne?

*Oracle, No.*

*Pat. Nay now Apollo's ignorant or unjust,*

*Evald. Silence once more.*

*The*

## The Virgin Widow.

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The next disturber dies.

*Proceed.*

3. When *Evaldus* shall lay down,  
Shall *Musem* weare the Crowne?

*Oracle, No.*

1. When *Evaldus* shall lay downe,

2.

3. Whose head then shall weare the Crowne?

*Oracle, The Babe unborne shall end the strife,  
Whose mother is both Widow, Maid, and Wife.*

*Aug:* The Oracle speaks Treason, and *Apollo's* Priests  
Are all Impostors—————

*A flash of fire from the Oracle; A cloud of smoak; which being vanisht, Augusta is found dead in her Chaire of State, her Crown struck off, convey'd upon Kettreena's head: Bellarmo, Palladius and Trippit, dead upon the ground, and the Three Pythians kneeling upon the floor.*

*Evald.* Are we all safe?  
Are wee not all consum'd?

*Form.* *Bellarmo's* stricken dead.

*Kett.* He's in a trance, O chafe his Temples!

*Art.* Ye stand too close, beare back, and give him aire.

*Com.* *Palladius.*

*Mar.* Bend him O bend him forwards.

*For.* He's past recovery.

*Art.* I feel no Pulse.

*Pho.* Her eyes are open.

*Ros.* Methinks I feele some breath.

*Art.* Stand by.

*Evald.* Are they all dead *Artesio*?

*Art.* All three are dead as earth.

*Evald.* O unexampled Justice! Who can stand  
Before the power of great *Apollo's* hand?

G 2

*Augusta.*

*Augusta*, let's away; Our flight may scape  
Approaching after-claps: *Augusta*, come.  
What fall'n asleep?

*Art.* The Queen is in a Trance.

*Ewald.* *Augusta*.

*Kerr.* Heaven bleſſe the Queene.

*Ros.* She ſtirs not.

*Ma.* She breathes not.

*Art.* Make roome, Stand further off.

*Ewald.* O ſhe is dead, Is any hope of life?

*Art.* Sir none at all.

*Ewald.* *Augusta*, deare *Augusta*, ſpeak,  
Move but a finger: O ſhee's paſt all cure!

*Ros.* But where's her Crowne?

*Ma.* Look here, upon *Kettreena*'s head.

*Mus.* How came it thither?

*Kerr.* Moſt Royal Sir, How this Crown came here  
I cannot tell: Excuse me gracious Prince,  
Who humbly lay it at your ſacred feet.

*Ewald.* *Kettreena*, keep it for us; keep it ſafe,  
Till we require it and diſpoſe thereof.

*Apollo's* will muſt be, who gives us patience:  
To beare his puniſhments: Take up the dead,  
And let us ſee them all beſtow'd and laid  
In the ſad Cloſets of eternall reſt.

*Exeunt.*

*Antony, Frank.*

*Frank.* Would may never ſwear if I had not rather ſerve the  
great Turk in his Gallies, then a Court Lady in her humors.

*Ant.* Sirrah, how the poore wenches trembled when we made  
them ſtay tother pint. But is my Lady ſo ſtrict *Frank*?

*Frank.* O ſhe's a peſtilent vixen when ſhe's angry, and as proud  
as *Lucifer*. She has been to my knowledge a whole houre by the  
Houre-glaſſe making faces in a Looking-glaſſe. Sometimes putting  
out the nether lippe, ſometimes bridling in the chinne; ſome-  
times forming of a ſmile, ſometimes ſigging up her cheeks, ſome-  
times

times kissing of her white hand, sometimes practising a new French Curtsie. And then *Ciss* must be call'd, and then her Ladiships haire must be crispt, and her Ladiships face must be complexion'd, and then her Ladiships teeth must be scaled, and then her Ladiships browes must be mullitted, and then her Ladiships Turkie-egge must be eaten with a good grace. And then her Ladiships Foysting-dog must be comb'd, and then *Ciss* must be sent for this dressing, and for that petticoat, & *Madge* must be imploy'd for that plain hankercher, and then for that purld Gorget which *Ciss* was filling all last night. Then fault must be found, then *Ciss* must be chidden, and *Madge* must be rated: And her sullen Ladiship must keep her chamber all day, and at night her peevish Ladiship must be sick and goe to rest. Then at Midnight *Ciss* must be call'd to kill the Flea that keeps her Ladiship from sleeping forsooth. Then *Ciss* must slip on her petticoate to see if the hall-door be shut, then down again to rate the doggs, then down again to fetch her Ladiship some Beer. Then *Ciss* must look under the Bed; after that into the Closet, to see if there be ne'r a Cat to break her Ladiships Glasses. Insomuch that I hold it the greatest misery i'th' world, next being a Lady, to be a Chambermaid. But I must away. *Tony*, farewell.

*Ant.* Nay *Frank*, we'll have one fresh pint to drink *Madge* and *Cisses* Healths before we part. [Knock within.]

Anon, anon, presently, presently.

*Frank.* But *Tony*, *Tony*, *Tony*, let it alone, for 'tis Hawking time; My Hawk has been empty pannell'd these three houres.

[Knock within.]

*Ant.* I come, I come, presently, presently.

Hang Hawks, we'll have one pint.

By and by, By and by, I come, I come.

[Knock within.]

*Frank.* Prethee *Tony* be nimble then.

Exit.

Now had I as lief goe a hanging as a Hawking ———  
Whatsoever the matter is, I ha' no mind to that sport. I had rather ha' *Ciss* in my armes, then a leash of Partridges in my pouch: 'Tis a feat Girl. O that this were my marriage day! on that condition I went bare-foot to bed. Pretty Rogue! Well, I'm resolv'd; what ere come on'r, I will marry, and I must marry, and I will marry ere two dayes come to an end: Let my Lady get her a new Fawlcouer,

or eat Mutton if she please. O Mutton, Mutton, Mutton! Well, I must marry, and I will marry; To day I receive my wages, and to morrow Ile buy a Licence, and next day *Cifs* and Ile clap hands, And hey! then up go we.

*Enter Antony.*

*Ant.* Here *Frank*, a Health to *Cifs*.

[*Drinks.*]

*Frank.* Come, Ile pledg't wer't a mile toth' bottome.

[*Pledges.*]

Now *Tony*, fill me a cup: a Health to *Madge*.

[*Drinks.*]

*Ant.* Come away: *Madge* shall never go unpledg'd whilst I am worth a Pint, nor never want while I am worth a penny.

[*Pledges.*]

*Frank.* Thou art grown wondrous kind to day, *Tony*.

*Ant.* I think the Moon's i'th' Hottitotty, and all the loving Planicles are in Conjunction. Sirrah, I am so strangely taken with in these two houres, that I ha' much adoe to keep my self honest.

*Frank.* Hudds Wookers, I'm i'th' same Predicature *Tony*. My Stars lend me honesty enough to light me to bed, and keep *Cifs* out of my way. But tell me, how likest thou *Cifs*?

*Ant.* Hougely well I protest. As I live, 'tis a dainty Girle: She speaks so wisely, and her words are so well plac'd, and she lisps so prietly, and so thweetly, and sirrah they say that litching wenches are good to kith. Now tell me thy opinion of *Madge*.

*Frank.* I tell thee *Tony*, she's as good a creature as ever liv'd in a house, and as well belov'd of the servants. Thou shalt have a dainty huswife, and an excellent Starcher, and one that my Master respects above all the rest. If his band be to be pinn'd, no body can please him but *Madge*; When his Cornes are to be cut, none must do't but *Madge*. If his Cuff-strings are to be ty'd, none can tye 'em but *Madge*. When his Muskadine and egges are to be prepar'd, none can please him but *Madge*: When his head akes, *Madge* must hold it: If his back itch, *Madge* must scratch it: And to her credit be it spoken, he swears for a Foot and a Leg, and a dainty black eye, and a white smoothe skin, and a ———

*Ant.* No more good *Frank*, thou mak'st me mad. My Stars lend

lend me but honesty enough till I have opportunity to loose it.

*Frank.* And me but patience till Thursday.

*Ant.* Why Thursday?

*Frank.* If I breathe, *Ciss* and *Ile* have a marriage day on't.

*Ant.* Say'st thou me so? Art in earnest? Give me thy hand.

*Frank.* I, as sure as this is flesh, and blood, and knuckles.

*Ant.* If *Madge* and I don't the like (if she be as willing as I) hang *Tony*. But shall's marry in our old Cloathes?

*Frank.* Huds diggers, I'de not stay till Friday for the Kings Wardrobe.

*Ant.* A match then! Give me thy clutch, Bring them hither a Thursday morning, by break a day, and wee'l dispatch the business before the Crow pisse.

Now *Frank*, here's a health to the happy day.

[*Drinks.*

*Frank.* Let it come, boy.

[*Pledges.*

Here's another to the happy night,

[*Drinks.*

*Ant.* Come away.

*Pledges.*

Anon, anon, presently, presently.

*Knock within.*

Farewell *Frank*.

*Frank.* *Tony* farewell, and remember ———

*Exeunt.*

*Ant.* Very, very welcome, Gentlemen.

*Without.*

A pint of Canary in the Lyon, Skore!

*Ewaldus, Musens, Artesio, Formidon, Comodus, Kettreena,  
Rossa, Marina, Officers.*

*Ewald.* I cannot rest, *Artesio*, till I purge  
This groaning Land of *Pertenax* his blood.

*For.* See, here the Prisoners.

*Enter Prisoners with Keepers.*

*Last.* Mercy, O mercy, grations Prince.

*Quack.* Mercy, dread Sovereigne, mercy.

*E. ald.*

*Evald.* Wretches ; The way to Mercy, is Confession.  
 Speak truth, Are ye guilty of this murder ?

*Lat.* Most gracious Prince, I was no Actor in it.

*Quack.* Nor I contriver, may it please your grace.

*For.* No, Shee contrived, and he acted it.

*Evald.* Speak, is it so ? Come speak the truth.

*Lat.* True gracious Sovereigne, but we hope for mercy from  
 your gracious hands.

*Evald.* Say, what confederates had ye ?

*Quack.* May't please your Grace, *Lactusa* set me on.

*Lat.* *Tripper* first call'd me in.

*Evald.* She has her punishment : Who writ the Letter ?

*Lat.* The Queen, most Royall Sir.

*Quack.* Who promis'd on her Royall faith to stand 'twixt me  
 and danger. Sir, for her dear sake be gracious.

*Evald.* O marble hearts, to plot so vile a fact  
 Against such Dove-like Innocence as this.

*Points to Kettreena,*

Well take them hence, and see due Justice done  
 According to our Lawes, whereof we charge  
 A present Execution.

*Prisoners.* Mercy, O Mercy. Tis the first offence.  
 Be gracious to us. Mercy, mercy.

*Evald.* Officers, Away with them.

*Exeunt.*

Since Heaven hath pleased to deprive us thus  
 Of our deare Consort, our beloved Queene,  
 We think it fit to let our People know  
 That we have made a second choice, to ease  
 The weighty Burthen of our carefull Crowne.

*Kettreena*, bring the Crowne.

*Delivers it.*

And for thy paines,

We here accept thee for our lawfull Spouse,  
 To be our Consort in *Augusta's* stead :  
 In pledge whereof we crowne thy Royall head.  
 Dost thou consent *Kettreena* ?

*Crowns her.*

*Enter*



## The Virgin Widow.

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Enter *Lactusia*, with Keepers.

*Lact.* Be pleas'd most Royall Sir to  
Give me leave to disburthen my conscience of a secret that concerns  
the State.

*Evald.* Speake on.

*Lact.* Sir, *Augusta* was no Lawfull Queene.

*Mus.* The Woman's mad.

*For.* Away with her.

*Lact.* Good Sir be pleas'd to heare me out.

*Evald.* Speak on, speak on.

*Lact.* *Kettreena* was the lawfull Queene, whom newly borne, I  
then her Nurse, exchang'd for *Augusta* your late Wife, who was no  
other but *Artesio's* daughter.

Entic'd by him I did it, unto which

He did corrupt me with a great reward.

That this is truth, I seale it with my blood :

*Artesio*, is't not so ?

*Evald.* *Artesio* speake. What say'st to this ?

*Art.* Sir I'm a dying man, if not by Law, by age.

I, whom my frozen blood denies to blush,

Must not be bold to lye.

*Mus.* I'm likely to have a fine pull of this.

*Art.* *Lactusia* speaks but truth : The Act's confest.

*Mus.* Are my hopes come to this ?

*Art.* My life or death lies in *Kettreena's* brest.

*Evald.* Officers conduct the Pris'ners back, and stay  
Their execution till you further hear :

If this be so, *Evaldus* must resigne

Both place and Crowne,

[ Leads up *Kettreena* into the Chaire.

And now an humble Subject joyne.

I

*Owmes.*

*The Virgin Widow.*

*Omnes.* With all the rest, and say, *Long live*  
OUR QUEEN KETTREENA.

*Mus.* And now *Mus.* us may go hang himself.

*Kett.* Being thus ordain'd

*I*y heavenly Powers to weare

The sacred Crown of unexpected Care;

And well advising, what great dangers waits

Upon the Scepters of ungovern'd States :

Conscious of too much weaknesse to command

So great a Kingdom with a single hand :

W<sup>a</sup>re pleas'd to choose a Consort, in whose care

The Realme hath prosper'd, and to whom we dare

Commit our self and it.

*Ewaldus*, to requite thy charge, we choose

Thee our deare Husband, and with sacred vows

We make thee partner in our unknown bed,

And set this Crowne Imperiall on thy head.

[*Crownes him.*

And let the tongues of our good Subjects ring  
Loud peales of joy,

*Omnes.* LONG LIVE EVALDUS KING.

*Ewald.* Two Crowns have blest *Ewaldus* in one houre,

[*Embraces Kestreena.*

This crowns my heart with joy :

[*Touches the Crowne.*

This crownes my head with Power,

Faire Queen, *Artesio's* punishment we leave

To thy dispose.

*Kett.* The personall Offence

Wee freely Pardon ;

But for the publique wrong,

Wee must confine him.

*Ewald.*

*Evald.* And lest that after-Ages  
Should interrupt the right of true Succession,  
We charge *Museus* to the self-same place :  
Where they shall want for nothing, but enjoy  
(Excepting Freedome) their owne hearts desires.  
Mean while, what Art, and Industry can doe  
T'expresse our joyes, and Subjects full content,  
Let not be wanting : Let us bend our care  
T'advance a publique mirth, and to prepare  
Such Triumphs, whose bright Honour might display  
A panick joy, and glorifie the day  
Of Marriage-Royall, solemniz'd between  
New-crown'd *Evaldus*, and his Royall Queen.

*Exeunt.*

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THE END.

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